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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is possible—just now when newspapers need news—to take too serious a view of the capers Mr. Keir Hardie has been cutting in India. Some reports indeed say that he has not cut any to speak of. One press agency telegram makes Mr. Hardie deny the reports of his flowery progress as highly over-coloured. But another makes him say that he has said and done everything imputed to him; whilst in some cabled messages in the "Daily Mail" he waters down his indiscretions slightly. On the whole, we have small doubt he has said and done enough to aggravate Mr. Morley's difficulties in India. The "Westminster Gazette" and the "Daily News" have referred severely to his action. Indeed there is no civilised State in the world, despotic or democratic, save England, which would not ere now have bundled this dreamy demagogue across the frontier for saying or doing half as much as he has in India. Only in muddled minds is disorder consistent with freedom. But it really seems as if we are not a free country; not free to suppress State mischief-mongers.

Doubtless Mr. Keir Hardie has been exploited for all he is worth by the crafty Bengalee agitators who laugh whilst he dances to their piping. Doubtless, too, they have taken good care that the mob do not know that this great Feringhi is no sahib after all. Let the mob once learn what Mr. Keir Hardie's social status is, and there would be no garlanding with flowers and no hero worship. Mr. Hardie is proud—and rightly proud—of the fact that he is a working man; and yet there is no person on whom the Indian native looks down with more utter contempt than a mere white workman. It is to be hoped that the authorities are sparing no efforts

to enlighten the natives as to the hero's position at home.

General Botha and his colleagues have made assurance of Het Volk supremacy doubly sure by a move which is as ingenious as it is sinister. They have appointed two members of the Legislative Council, whose votes might have been inconvenient to the Government, to the lucrative posts of Chairman of the Rand Water Board and Government Inspector of White Labour. To take the place of Messrs. Purchase and Raitt they have selected Mr. Esselen and Mr. Greenlees, and Ministers claim credit for impartiality of choice because one of the new members is an Englishman. The job is so palpable that only Boer temerity could dream of defending it. The Botha Government had much better admit frankly that they only discovered the special qualifications of Messrs. Purchase and Raitt for dealing with water and white labour when they saw the way out of the Second Chamber difficulty. In any case their action is arbitrary. Mr. Purchase was appointed to the chairmanship of the Water Board in opposition to the unanimous desire of the board, and a special meeting of the stockholders has protested by a large majority.

At a time when Morocco is torn between the claims of rival Sultans, when Raisuli is making heavy demands on his own account, with Kaid Maclean for hostage, and when the pacification of the tribes about Casablanca is not yet complete, it is peculiarly unfortunate if new European jealousies are to complicate the situation. France and Spain are not working as amicably together as could be desired in view of the European interests involved. There is a dispute as to the Spanish right to police certain outworks which General Drude is holding with French troops, and France and Spain are sending separate representatives to Abd el Aziz at Rabat instead of showing unity of aim by a joint mission. As it is the Sultan will be given to understand that self-seeking is still the dominant, and consequently the weakening, note of European diplomacy, and if he succeeds in disposing of his enemies within his own gates he will know how to utilise the

differences of his instructors from across the Mediterranean. Spain's refusal to adhere to proposals for abolishing the import of contraband of war into Morocco casts an unpleasant light on her policy, and it is difficult to believe that the attitude of the Spanish Government has not been misrepresented.

M. Méline, formerly a Conservative Prime Minister, whose party may before long succeed M. Clémenceau's radical Ministry, at Thillot made eloquent use of Morocco in denouncing anti-militarism. This subject is one of the three topics which just now in the dull season have the most interest in France. The other two are the calamitous inundations in the South and the "Apache" question, which is agitating most of the large towns, Paris and Marseilles especially. M. Méline's speech was particularly topical because the departure of the new recruits from Paris to perform their military service had been fixed on by the Hervéites as the occasion for a demonstration. M. Méline eulogised the conduct of the troops in Morocco as worthy of the best traditions of French troops and maintained that it showed they had not been affected by anti-militarism. If the speech had been made after the demonstration on the departure of the recruits had proved a failure, he could have made another point to prove his thesis.

M. Briand—also on the same subject of anti-militarism—has made a speech which is representative of the general repudiation of anti-militarism by socialists who are outside M. Hervé and M. Jaurès' alliance. M. Jaurès, assuming innocence, is professing not to understand what new fact there is to make socialists antagonist to him. M. Briand, the socialist Minister of Education, has no difficulty in answering simply and decisively that the distinction between socialism and anarchism is complete, and that M. Jaurès has gone over to anarchism.

When the Chamber meets, it will find the question of the South, where disaffection against the Government was so serious during the wine-growers' agitation, still more complicated by the disastrous inundations which have swept away buildings and submerged vineyards, fields and railways. All industry, both manufacturing and rural, over large districts has been stopped, and this new calamity must have completely ruined thousands who had before been driven to the verge of rebellion by poverty. President Fallières has been in the district with several Ministers: and it is said that an application is to be made for a Parliamentary grant to meet the distress. Marseilles, Toulon, and Cannes have also been in the area of the storms, which have caused inundations such as have not been known for half a century. In Spain, too, devastation has been spread by floods with equal loss to agriculture, especially in the vineyards; and the loss of life reported is greater than it seems to be in France.

Political crime is so commonplace a thing in the Balkans that there is nothing intrinsically improbable in the reported murder of Captain Novakovitch by the Servian police. Officially he is said to have committed suicide, but in view of the story told by Mr. Herbert Vivian the probabilities are all the other way. Captain Novakovitch with fearless loyalty persisted in attacking the murderers of King Alexander and Queen Draga. He set himself deliberately to undermine the Government, was twice thrown into prison, was persecuted, narrowly escaped death by poison on two occasions, was ruined and still refused to consider the terms of silence, however handsome. It was not of course to be expected that the Government would tolerate his campaign against the regicides, and whilst he lived he would certainly have continued to give voice to the sentiments of thousands of less courageous Servians. Novakovitch was a martyr to the memory of his murdered sovereign, and his death in gaol adds another to a long list of Servian horrors.

Marriages between foreigners in this country not at all infrequently have been held to be valid here but

invalid in one of the parties' own country. In the case of the Countess Montignoso, assuming the validity of the marriage in England, it appears that neither in Austria, Germany, nor Italy would it be considered valid, even if she were an ordinary citizen. In Austria and in Italy the law is that as a Catholic her first marriage was indissoluble. In Germany the law allows the re-marriage of divorced persons, so that there the marriage might be held valid were it not that the Countess Montignoso is a member of the Austrian Imperial family and the German law acknowledges the House law of sovereign families: and the Emperor of Austria's consent has not been given, as would be necessary.

The best news from the Hague Conference during the week has been the information that it is drawing near its end. Its proceedings are being wound up: a very suitable phrase for such a bankrupt concern. It has absolutely neither settled nor made more likely the future settlement of any of the great questions which have been before it. Hypocrisy and humbug are characterising its closing days. The English in which its proceedings have been rendered has surpassed in its uncouth technical jargon that of ordinary diplomacy. As to the summoning of future conferences, we are told that some delegates have voted for the proposition that "the initiative of Russia has been definitely acquired". On the other hand the *vœu* which was passed by the Conference has "definitely acquired initiative". There is a mysterious statement by the "Times" correspondent that "if the future initiative of the Tsar were made to prevail it is more than doubtful whether another Peace Conference could be successfully convoked". This probably means that there will not be another Conference in any case.

President Roosevelt's note in the numerous speeches of the week has been extremely national. He aims at centralisation in all matters where State or Trust control affects Federal and general interests adversely. He defends the despatch of the American fleet to the Pacific on the ground that the remotest coast-line of the States east or west is as much the concern of the Government as that of New York. He regards the cutting of the Panama Canal, which is progressing so satisfactorily that in five or six years' time the digging should be complete, as a duty which the nation owes to every State in the Republic. He foresees the possibility of improvement in waterways natural and artificial, and insists that the task must be national because the river system is a national asset which cannot be left to the individual control of the States through which the waterways may run. "The interests of the nation as a whole must be always the first consideration." If the American people share the President's view, its effect must be a deepening of the national consciousness, involving a sort of Monroe Doctrine for internal as well as external affairs.

On the question of the railways, Mr. Roosevelt emphasised points he has made several times. Trust corporations do not subserve national ends: the interests of individual States conflict with those of the Republic as a whole, and inter-State business must be brought under central control. "The chief economic question of the day in this country is to provide a sovereign for the great corporations engaged in inter-State business", railroads and industrial concerns generally. When it was proposed to place the banks in Federal control the opposition was not less strenuous than that which now meets the idea of gathering up the strings of railroad administration. The banks are a standing proof not only of the constitutional propriety of the change but of the advantages it would carry with it. Mr. Roosevelt believes that constitutional power to deal with the overgrown corporations which now control 85 per cent. of inter-State business already exists. If it does not, then apparently he would advocate the amendment of Federal and State relations. In other words, any measure would seem to Mr. Roosevelt to be justifiable in order to check "the insolent and manifold abuses" of the Trust system.

"We live in serious times" indeed, as Mr. Jesse Collings says. To judge by a number of papers, the whole of America and a large part of England have been deeply moved this past fortnight by a match at lawn tennis arranged between Mr. Roosevelt and the Bishop of London. The match has come off during the week, and it seems that by a cunning arrangement and rearrangement of Mr. Roosevelt's partner and the Bishop of London's partner, neither side won. A single match was nicely avoided; whilst in the fours, the President won one set and the Bishop another. And the cables are actually insulted by being made the medium of such piffle! There is no doubt that games are becoming a curse of many English people. Perhaps the fact that foreign nations are beginning to beat us in most of them is not an unmixed evil.

Mr. Lloyd-George has been letting out a few facts or fancies about the Temperance Bill which the Government are to bring in next session. The Bill has not yet been drafted, but he says he is sure it is to be "a good Bill". This reminds one of the Mover of the Address in the House of Commons who referred to "the able speech which my honourable friend is about to deliver". But will this excellent Bill not yet drafted encourage teetotallers? Mr. Lloyd-George rather ominously says it is "absolutely necessary to have the support of the moderate drinkers", and he adds the ungentle reminder to the total abstainers that they are in a minority. The total abstainers are to be the body-guard, the real fighting force, but the moderate drinkers must be cultivated as allies—they must be drawn from the other side. Above all, the Bill must not give "a shock to the nervous system of the Britisher". In fact, if Mr. Lloyd-George is to be believed, we shall see next year a milk-and-water Temperance Bill.

Mr. Burt is one of the straightest men who ever sat in Parliament. The honour paid to him by Newcastle is a pleasing thing to consider. His has been the best of all successes—a success of character without the touch of overbearing or brutality which self-made men so often show. He has never bawled or brawled, but gone about the day's duty with a modesty and a steady will that will give him a high place in the history of English labour during the last half-century. It is an old and hackneyed saying no doubt, but it does seem to fit Mr. Burt entirely—"one of Nature's gentlemen". And this is the finest type of gentleman a country can possibly have. We may not care for Mr. Burt's politics; but the shade of politics in such a man is the least thing about him.

Mr. Jesse Collings, in a letter to the "Times"—which is printed, not quite inappropriately, in the games and sports page—explained on Tuesday why he has criticised the leadership of the Opposition. "It is admitted", he says, "on all hands that socialism is increasing by leaps and bounds". We want "barriers", and the Unionist programme consists of a "blank sheet". The sting however is in the tail of Mr. Collings' complaint. Mr. Balfour has declared that he regrets "the rhetorical commonplaces with which the question of rural depopulation is too often adorned or defaced". No wonder Mr. Collings is cross. Mr. Balfour has crabbed the cow.

Thanks, in some degree perhaps, to the lenient view of the Chief Secretary as to cattle-driving, the sport is now being openly advocated by the National League. In some of the grazing districts big nightly drives are organised with skill and enthusiasm. One Nationalist member declared in a speech a few days ago that it was now an accepted thing all over Ireland that the people would drive the cattle from the lands of any man who ignored public opinion. The people had "the sanction of every law, moral and divine". We like the idea of "driving" cattle on moral and divine grounds. It is quite suggestive and fresh. Perhaps by a little quickening of the imagination one might be able to detect some morality and divinity in the boycott or the bomb.

Many people, forming their opinions chiefly on the rise of the motor, have an idea that the prospects are

bad for the "vets." They should read what Professor Lauder had to say at the Royal Veterinary College. He believes the prospects of the veterinary surgeon are as good as those of the medical man; he is sure they are as good as those of the analytical chemist, and quite certain they are better than those of the teacher, motor-cars and motor-omnibuses notwithstanding. Then he believes in the revival of agriculture, which implies the improvement of veterinary prospects. He asserts joyously that beef, butter and milk cannot be produced mechanically; but seems to overlook margarine and the ordinary milk supply, which, judging from cases in the police courts, depends largely on the water-tap and chemical processes. When he adds that veterinary surgeons may soon be attached to every municipal body as inspectors for tuberculosis, we begin to think that the prospects of his profession are so attractive that it will be overcrowded.

The Geological Society's celebration of the centenary of its foundation brought together representatives of universities and scientific bodies from most European countries, as well as from the United States, Japan, and some of our colonies. Professor Lapparent, one of the French representatives, reminded his hearers of a fact on which Englishmen may well be complacent, that the London society is the forerunner of similar societies throughout the world, and that to celebrate the centenary of the Geological Society of London was, at the same time, to celebrate the centenary of geology. It is remarkable that with our scientific societies we have been foremost, whilst we have never founded any literary society of equal authority, say, to the Academies of France or Italy. Yet comparatively few Englishmen or Londoners have even discovered that the museum in Jermyn Street is worth a visit.

No further step has been taken which makes a new fact in the dispute between the Railway Companies and their men. There will probably soon be a meeting of the Railway Companies' Association to consider Mr. Bell's letter asking for an interview as to the question of recognition; and until then speculation as to what the result may be is idle and perhaps mischievous. As the difference between the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen and the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants is an important element in the strike question, much depends on the proceedings of the conference which is to be held at Manchester to-day to consider the federation of all railway workers' unions. A representative of the Amalgamated Society will be present, and if an understanding is arrived at it must affect the pending dispute.

Second thoughts have been wiser as well as more honourable in the case of the shipbuilding dispute. After the Employers' Federation had met the men's representatives at Edinburgh and an agreement on the terms of the dispute had been reached, the majority of branch unions refused to ratify the agreement and the employers resolved to re-issue the lock-out notices. This would have involved the non-employment of twenty-seven thousand men. This resolute action of the employers led the men to reconsider their position. On a ballot the voting has gone in favour of observing the agreement, and the lock-out notices are to be withdrawn. The Employers' Federation has won an honourable victory, and the men recovered themselves from an act of folly.

For several days at the Local Government Board inquiry now being held at Mile End evidence has been given which rivals that at the West Ham and Poplar inquiries. Without assuming all the allegations to be true, plenty of admissions have already been made which reveal that extravagance, bribery and corruption have been as prevalent at Mile End as in other districts. Probably, as the result of the investigation, we shall hear of prosecutions being instituted. The coal contracts are in evidence here as they were at West Ham. It is alleged that there is a shortage in the delivery on the coal contracts which amounts to a loss of more than £1,000; and there is the usual story of contracts of all kinds obtained by

understandings on the basis of bribes given by contractors to guardians.

A conference was held at Toynbee Hall on Tuesday on the question of "living in", with Lord Hugh Cecil as chairman. The whole question is one of wages. If the assistants would accept seven shillings a week, the estimated cost per head of living in, the system would come to an end. The assistants want fourteen or fifteen shillings to make up the extra cost of living outside. It is not obvious why drapers cannot pay wages for their employes to live outside as most other employers do. The system is open to abuse, but where the sleeping accommodation and food are good the assistants are surely better off than in lodgings. But here again the question of liberty comes in and on this point both Lord Hugh Cecil and Canon Barnett agree with the assistants. As to the talk about immorality there is nothing to choose between living in and living out. It is a matter of wages. If the assistants are "sweated" whether they live in or out, the inducement to irregularities will be the same. One always comes back to this; why must drapers especially save on their wages bill by keeping boarding-houses?

Sir John Ardagh's work as head of the Intelligence Department before the South African war has never been enough appreciated by the public. In spite of the overwhelming vindication of the department by the War Commission, the man in the street still thinks that the War Office had no accurate information as to the numbers and armaments of the Boers. The truth is the exact opposite. For their strength and armament were very accurately foretold; and although at that period the Intelligence Department was shamefully undermanned, it really performed wonders. Sir John Ardagh worked strenuously also in other fields, not solely of a military character. He sat on numerous peace, Geneva and international congresses; and he went to the Berlin Conference as one of Lord Beaconsfield's advisers. Towards the close of the South African war he was employed on the spot on special service, not entirely of a military character, and given the temporary rank of Lieutenant-General. But when the war was over—he being then retired as a Major-General—an application was made to confer on him the higher honorary rank which he had held during the war. Lord Roberts was Commander-in-Chief, and this modest request was not entertained.

Lord Curzon has issued to all members of Oxford University an important letter and enclosure relating to the appeal for increased funds. Fifty-five thousand pounds has been promised, but this is scarcely more than a fifth of the sum needed. A second Rhodes Oxford can hardly look for yet; but considering the number of immensely rich men who to-day are connected, either personally or through their sons, with the University, it is surprising that the sum has not been over-subscribed ere now. The more surprising is it when one bears in mind the life-long enthusiasm Oxford men keep for Oxford. Surely this enthusiasm is not restricted chiefly to the poorer men?

So much gas is given off about balloons that it is well to believe only about fifty per cent. of what is written on the subject of the "dominion of the air"; and not to be too sure of that. The military airships have already made cavalry an obsolete weapon of war—in the view of the highly imaginative. Anybody who has looked into the history of ballooning knows that a hundred years ago stories quite as wonderful as any indulged in to-day were told about the aerial successes of man; and we class those stories with others told to-day about the origin of life and so forth. It is not therefore necessary to write swelling words about the trial of the military airship at Aldershot on Monday. The "Times" has given an account of it short but sufficient. The trial, which lasted an hour and a quarter, was most successful. The balloon was again found to be quite steerable, and through some changes in the mechanism it did not "pitch" as at the last trial. It was also brought very skilfully to the ground.

VOX POPULI VOX DEI.

THERE are towns whose fame is closely linked with associations of an ecclesiastical character. Except the man who got confused between Plymouth Brothers and Yarmouth bloaters, no one, as far as we know, has connected the home of Little Em'ly with anything of the kind. Great Yarmouth is quickly getting rid of the past it has had. It is not, like Mrs. Gumbridge, thinking of the old 'un, but intent on developing into a trippers' paradise, the Blackpool of the east. Here, however, the Bishop of Norwich has been presiding over the annual October Congress of members of the Church of England. It is no secret that East Anglian Churchmen thought twice before opening their arms to the Congress, and it is evident that the doubts we have expressed as to the use and reality of these big religious outings are spreading. No one, we fancy, comes away from them a particle the wiser; the Church of England ought no longer to require advertising; and though a congress, like a pageant, may quicken local self-consciousness and awake ecclesiastical interest in a particular neighbourhood, its educative effect on the Church at large is probably nil. Habits, however, cannot be broken in a moment; and we therefore suggest that the Congress should meet for a time triennially until the Anglican communion feels sufficiently confirmed in its good resolutions to do without it altogether. When Churchmen have ceased talking about the problems of the age they may begin to grapple with them. The great constructive ages were studious but not talkative. One cannot, for example, imagine the monastic orders which transformed Europe originating thus. Besides, the Church is just now singularly lacking in leadership and in ideas.

We willingly grant, on the other hand, that these vast and eager gatherings of ecclesiastics and ecclesiastically minded laymen and laywomen are a striking proof of the success of the Catholic movement inside the Church of England in making the Church interesting and, in the right sense of the word, national. The Yarmouth of to-day has not more outgrown the fishing town of the Peggotty days than Anglicanism has left behind the exiguous measures and possibilities of seventy years ago. "Isaac," said Hurrell Froude in his boyish way—though the stamp of death was on his brow—as he walked with Williams in Trinity Grove, "we must make a row in the world." The row has been made. The Church of England has made England listen to it. That Church, while shedding its mere insularity, has extended its influence through every part of the national life. It is apparently the only religious organisation, apart from the Roman and Jewish, that will exist among us two centuries, or possibly one century, hence. Yet the Bishop of Carlisle told his diocesan conference the other day that the Church of England was "dwindling into a mere sect", and that there was "abundant evidence of a rapidly deepening gulf between the English Church and the English nation". Of all the dangers besetting the Church in the present day, the greatest, he said, was the spirit of denationalisation. This spirit the Bishop vehemently ascribed to the Tractarian movement. As it is the fashion in official quarters to extol Tractarianism, otherwise called "historic High Churchmanship", at the expense of those who are now carrying out its teaching, we admire Bishop Diggle's boldness. We do not equally admire his grasp of first Christian principles.

For what did Christianity, according to its founder, come into the world to do but to "bring division" where paganism had preserved a delusive concord, and by the temporary dissolution of minor, albeit sacred, ties to establish a world-wide unity? If the primary essential of religion is to be national, Judaism need never have been disturbed, and missions of the Cross have no place in India or China. The Bishop of Carlisle, as a Low Churchman, approves, no doubt, of the Cabrera movement in Roman Catholic Spain; but he would admit that it is a disruptive movement. The sixteenth-century Reformation shattered the religious unity of Europe and drove a wedge into the internal accord of Christian peoples. It did this, as it

believed, under the authority of that very extra-territorial book, the Bible. The Tractarian achievement was the revival before men's eyes of the conceptions of the common Faith, the universal Kingdom, and the One Body. Unless it is to be contended that the England of William IV.'s time, an era of every imaginable ecclesiastical abuse and earthliness and decrepitude, satisfied those conceptions, how could any Church movement avoid unsettling popular and conventional opinions? The self-realisation by the Church of England of her own supernatural and Catholic character necessarily involved a certain dividing asunder between Englishmen who were able to receive a spiritual conception of the kind and Englishmen who were not. But the Bishop of Carlisle cannot away with the idea of a supernatural and Catholic Church. To him it is mere "clericalism". The only Church is the general sentiment of the vaguely and confusedly Christian community in this or that place. Here in England the Christian law is what Parliament, the "Times" and the "Daily Telegraph" determine it to be. A Church of England which maintains a discipline and doctrine of its own—for example, as to holy matrimony—divergent from the "law of the land" has reduced itself to the "narrow dimensions of a sect". Now no doubt it thereby ceases to be what the Bishop means by "national", and the necessity for such denationalisation will be deplored by High Churchmen even more than by others. But the so-called narrowing of the Church of England's position within the nation arises from a wider and greater conception of the Church of Christ's ecumenical responsibility among all the nations. Her mission to them is with authority from above them and outside of them. If any nation ceases to accept the Church's teaching she perforce becomes "sectarian" in that area just because she is Catholic.

Bishop Diggle's passionate attack on the Oxford Movement has been misinterpreted as springing from attachment to the mouldy and moth-eaten Zwinglianism of the decaying decades before 1833, to the state of things exemplified, let us say, by Yarmouth parish church as bequeathed to our elders by three centuries of appalling iconoclasm, irreverence and neglect, or to the ideas which prevailed through the Hanoverian period in the once "dead sea" of Norwich. Probably this is to do the worthy prelate an injustice. What he means is that, if the prophets prophesied falsely, the people loved to have it so, and that at any rate Church and nation before the publication of the "Christian Year" lived comfortably together. Any state of things in which the Church reflected the prevalent sentiment of the public was preferable to the ecclesiastical arrogance which taught men to regard the bishops and pastors of the flock as speaking with a Divine authority not derived from the people, and as commissioned to bind and loose, to open and shut. No doubt the idea of the England of the Regency as spiritually harmonious is pure fancy; if the Tractarian movement had not come, Christianity would have perished amid general contempt. But recent historians consider that Bishop Diggle's ideal of a united Protestant nation was more or less realised in the era of George II., at which time Convocation was suppressed, the bishops mostly lived in London, and "like people like priest" was the general rule. Yet even then Wesleyanism had arrived to disturb the national agreement. The maxim "*cujus regio ejus religio*" must, in fact, inevitably land its exponents not simply in Erastianism but in something very like disbelief in any revealed body of truth. English Christianity is then the opinions about religion held by John Bull.

MR. REDMOND'S DIFFICULTIES.

THE cross-currents in Irish political life have been noted by several acute observers as an encouraging symptom, but it is to be feared that the titular leader of the Irish race would prefer even stagnation to the turbulent whirlpool which now threatens to engulf him. As if Sinn Féin and the Ancient Order of Hibernians and Mr. Healy and

Mr. O'Brien were not enough to distract any mortal politician, Cardinal Logue has been speaking very plainly about the Irish Parliamentary Party. His Eminence had suggested that the bickerings of its leaders impaired its usefulness, and Mr. Redmond treated the implied criticism with levity. That was extremely foolish for a person in his position, and it looks as if he may have to pay a heavy penalty. Mr. Redmond advised Irish voters in Kirkdale to support the Labour candidate, and now the Cardinal has told the world pretty trenchantly what he thinks of such advice. The Irish Roman Catholic who supports socialism and secularism is abandoning his most sacred principles. If he thinks that the adherence of the Labour party to Irish Home Rule justifies an alliance, he is making a double mistake, for he errs alike in public morality and in worldly wisdom. It is not the case, according to the Cardinal, that the Labour politicians are genuine Home Rulers; but, even if they were, the cause of religion is to be preferred to the cause of Home Rule. Irish autonomy must not be won at the cost of an alliance with secularism.

If Michael Davitt were alive, he would take up the Cardinal's challenge. But it is a difficult thing for a strong Roman Catholic to combat an archbishop on a question of this kind, and still harder for Mr. Redmond, who is certainly not the man to stake everything on such a quarrel. The Cardinal has a perfectly clear and logical position, and the Irish party has not. The Irish Roman Catholic bishops, whether one agrees with them or not, are certainly not indifferent to the claims of Irish patriotism. It would be impossible for Mr. Redmond to represent them as the enemies of Ireland, and he would sign his own political death-warrant if he made any such attempt. Whether faith or fatherland ought to come first is a question perhaps open to debate, but it is a question which Mr. Redmond dares not debate on public platforms in Ireland. For the champions of the faith know exactly what they want, and the politicians are not agreed. O'Connell, it is true, ventured to say that Repeal of the Union was more important than Catholic Emancipation, but he was able to say this only because it was perfectly obvious that Repeal was bound to bring Emancipation in its train. Even so, he was severely criticised. During the last sixty years, however, a large Roman Catholic community of Irish extraction has grown up in England and Scotland. These people have little in common with the old English Roman Catholic stock, and they have always enjoyed the sympathy and the protection of the Irish Hierarchy. Further, that Hierarchy has insisted that Irish Roman Catholic members of Parliament shall regard themselves and conduct themselves as trustees for the Roman Catholic democracy of Great Britain. In 1902 the bishops forced the politicians to support the Conservatives on the education question. That was good Christianity, but some Irish Nationalists thought it very bad tactics. After all, what is nationality? Some people would define it geographically, endeavour to get what they wanted for the island of Ireland, and leave the exiles of Erin to their fate. The bishops, on the other hand, regard it as a racial question. The cause of Ireland is the cause of Irishmen, and in order to obtain a certain form of government for the Irish who live in Ireland it is not, they consider, justifiable to abandon other Irishmen to secularism and to help English Radicals to destroy religion in the schools attended by children of Irish blood. Here again the bishops are on ground that cannot logically be assailed by Nationalists, for the latter are always asserting the unity of the Irish race all the world over, and without the help of Irishmen in America and Australia their party would have been bankrupt long ago.

What then is Mr. Redmond to do? Once already he has come into sharp conflict with Cardinal Logue, and retreated. His wire-pullers wished to drive Mr. Healy out of Parliament, but the Cardinal declared that there was to be no contest in Louth, and so Mr. Healy survived—to bury in ridicule the Irish Council Bill which Mr. Redmond wished to accept. It is a great mistake to imagine that the priests have it all their own way in Irish politics, but it is none the less true that whenever they are not in direct opposition to

the political sentiments of the people they can to a great extent control them. All the bishops in Ireland could not suddenly make their flocks vote for Unionists. But they could prevent armed rebellion on any large scale, and they could—and on the whole do—decide whether any particular development of Home Rule policy was to be accepted. They could not prevent an agrarian movement in the 'eighties, which many of them heartily disliked, but by going a certain way with the people they were able to retain their old position as political guides. Mr. Redmond was for a time the leader of a small party which was denounced as anti-clerical, and he can have no desire to repeat the experience.

At the same time it is extremely awkward for a leader of the Nationalist party to be confronted with the dogma that Catholicity is more important than Home Rule. For the Nationalist party has always been glad to find seats for Protestant Home Rulers, has claimed political descent from Protestant constitutionalists like Grattan or rebels like Tone and Emmet, has sedulously maintained that Irish Protestants have no reason to fear that Home Rule would mean Rome Rule, and has cultivated alliances with English parties on the basis that there is nothing sectarian about Irish Nationalism. Yet Protestant Home Rulers can have no such objection to an alliance with English Labour members as is entertained by Cardinal Logue. The cause of nationality as against religion has never been fought out in Ireland, for the quarrel between Parnellites and anti-Parnellites, into which of course this question to some extent entered, was greatly complicated by the Nationalist alliance with Gladstonian Liberals.

Nor is this the only rock in Mr. Redmond's path. Cardinal Logue has declared for Home Rule within the Empire, but Mr. Redmond, whatever his real sentiments, will not venture to offend the Separatists and the Irish Americans. He has spoken like an Imperialist of a sort at times (outside Ireland), but has also spoken like a rebel in Ireland and, to do him justice, at Westminster. Already, wincing under the stings of the Sinn Féin party, the official Nationalists have been driven to demonstrate that the Imperial Parliament has conferred remarkable benefits upon Ireland. As their extremist critics pointed out at once, this admission cuts at the root of the Nationalist position. But they have played with sedition too long to be able to disavow it. It looks as if Mr. Redmond cannot afford to be either pro-clerical or anti-clerical, either loyal to the Empire or treasonable. Yet he is pathetically imploring his countrymen to support him in a "virile agitation"!

FURTHER THOUGHTS ON THE CONVENTION.

THE benefits to England through the treaty with Russia scarcely grow on closer scrutiny. True, the blessings of peace and quiet between the two countries are very real. We have a lively sense of them. Yet the price is high. In counting coolly the cost, it is well to recall some of our past relations with Russia in Asia. With her our material interests have been in conflict ever since the apocryphal will of Peter the Great declared it to be her policy to seize India after capturing Persia and occupying the Persian Gulf. This policy has been firmly held and pursued by the military and aristocratic parties in Russia for a century and more, till it has brought her within sight of the frontiers of our Eastern possessions. Indeed in one direction the ancient Muscovite policy has been pushed further than its founders contemplated. Neither Peter the Great, nor any of his successors till the present régime, included Tibet in its sphere of activity. This new jumping-off place is a creation of to-day. The Russian advance, like that of a party attacking a fortified position, has been by a series of rushes. As each point of vantage has been seized the advance has halted till the position was made secure and the supporting forces advanced. Then, watching for an opportunity or a moment of supineness on the part of the defenders—a fresh rush has been made and the whole position again advanced. We have now reached one of the halting-points. The

Convention may be likened to one of the measures, often used before, to consolidate the new position.

The last decade has been one of constant aggression on the part of Russia. She has concentrated her forces in Central Asia in a manner not required merely for the effective occupation of those territories. She has aligned her railways in a manner clearly influenced by strategical considerations. The main line commands the whole northern frontier of Persia and a branch of it has been pushed down to the very border of Afghanistan, within a few miles of Herat. An arm of this would permit diversion on another point of the frontier, if it does not permit it already. This Merv-Kushk branch has and can have but one object, the occupation of Afghan territory. A new line—carried through even during the stress of the Japanese war—from Orenburg to Tashkent adds fresh facilities for bringing up forces, while an extension projected, if not partially laid out, to Termez on the Oxus—here the Afghan frontier—will lay open the eastern part of the Amir's dominions across the Hindu Kush to attack which would draw off the forces required for the defence of Herat. During the pressure of the South African war the Russians made an attempt to establish direct relations between their officers and the Afghans, and were only prevented by the wise and firm refusal of Abdur-Rahman to entertain such a proposition.

In Persia the activity has been even greater. Russian trade and manufactures require and receive State support. This was for years exerted in a manner detrimental to the reasonable interests and equal rights of English and Indian traders. A band of Belgian Customs officials was imported "pour embêter les Anglais", as their chief is said to have declared. Under cover of plague protection and by other means Indian trade by the new route through Baluchistan was crippled. In fact at every point English commerce, once it left the shores of the Gulf, found itself exposed to persistent and hard obstruction carried out at the instance of its trade rival. Worst perhaps of all was the Commercial Convention of 1903, forced on the Shah by Russia and framed in the most ingenious manner to oppress and injure British trade while favouring that of Russia. Our Government, its hands full in South Africa, acquiesced tamely in this blow to British prestige and British commerce. Nor is the case of Tibet any better. Tibet lay so entirely outside the sphere of Russian influence and so far removed from Russian territory that there was no pretence even for interference. The Russian Ambassador in fact declared in 1903 that their policy "ne viserait le Tibet en aucun cas". Even the action of the provocative Dorjief could not establish any pretext for interference.

In such circumstances it would be reasonable to expect that any settlement with Russia purporting to be final should include a reconsideration of the obviously hostile and aggressive proceedings of the last few years and some specific declaration that measures adopted and points occupied, constituting a menace and an injury to British interests, would be considered and modified and the parties placed in a position which did not endanger the stability of the Convention or leave one or other of them able, under cover of the treaty, to take up a position of unfair advantage when it suited him to make the next move. Unfortunately this has not been done. In Tibet we have abandoned our points of advantage and placed Russia in a position of equality for which there is no justification, even though the deplorable action of the late Government deprived us of a great deal that we ought to have retained. In Central Asia there is no stipulation to check the advance of strategic railways against the frontier of our ally or the establishment of strong fortified positions which would dominate his northern provinces. We have opened the way to direct communication between Russian and Afghan officials, and even between the two Governments under the old Russian disguise of commercial agency. In doing this we have endangered our own relations with the Amir and sowed the seed of future trouble.

In Persia we have allowed Russia to take within its sphere all the best part of the country, thereby in effect closing it against our commerce, while we are allotted a small sphere consisting chiefly of barren waste of which even the strategic value is very disputable. No

provision has been made for an equitable revision of the Commercial Convention, and we have failed to assert and obtain any recognition of our exclusive position in the Gulf, a failure aggravated rather than removed by the supplementary correspondence which followed the Convention.

As a general conclusion Russia has gained not only what she has occupied rightly or wrongly, but what she has claimed without reason or right. What has Great Britain gained beyond what she already holds? She has surrendered positions which she occupied, and has also conceded advantages which might be turned against her with evil effect. The Convention indeed somewhat reminds one of the Treaty of Portsmouth, made to put an end to a wasting and destructive campaign in which one side had gained such decisive advantages that it could impose terms altogether in its own favour.

THE ANXIOUS POLITICIAN.

SIR EDWARD GREY'S remarks at Newcastle on the perils of public life suggest the idea that there ought to be a statistical inquiry into the evil effects produced by following the dangerous trade of a politician. There are a good many branches of public life, and it would be hard to make a definition of those who follow a public life and those who do not; and Sir Edward's observations embrace many more than the class of politicians. But to be in politics has almost the technical sense of being in public life. Mr. Burt, for instance, whom Sir Edward Grey so sympathetically eulogised, only became distinctively a public man when he entered Parliament, though in fact as a miners' union representative he had already stepped outside the boundaries of the absolutely private life. So that the speaker was evidently thinking of that section of public life of which he and Mr. Burt in their different ways are distinguished members. It is an important class judging by the amount of publicity their speeches and doings generally obtain, and it is consequently desirable to subject them to sociological investigation. We are not aware that there has been any alarm expressed at their physical deterioration as there has been as to some other classes of the community. But there has always been a tendency to suspect and to lament that their moral and intellectual standard was hardly up to what we had a right to expect. The suspicion seems to be confirmed by the extremely elementary character of the test questions which Sir Edward Grey would have put to members of Parliament on the effects on them of political life.

Following his hints they would run something in this way: Do you find it easier or more difficult to speak the truth than it used to be before you entered public life? When you are pressed between telling the truth and being pleasant to your audiences, which alternative do you usually prefer? Assuming that you had a fairly good opinion of your moral courage once upon a time, how do you now regard yourself, as a coward or otherwise? Does your country or you get most out of your being a politician? Do you ever think it matters what the fellows on the other side say about anything? On the supposition that you had any taste for art and literature in the beginning, how long was it before "grinding in a prison-house", as Sir Edward Grey calls the life of the ordinary member of Parliament, became so engrossing and fascinating that you preferred it to all the light that never was on sea or land? Do you still remain sufficient of a man even to play golf? Truthful returns to inquiries addressed to members of Parliament something on these lines would supply a useful body of information on the subject about which Sir Edward Grey appears to be somewhat anxious. It is noticeable that he himself attempts no answer to the questions which he puts so insinuatingly. But they are such leading questions that nothing is easier than to see his drift. The courage to speak the truth however has failed even him, and he leaves his questions without an answer. We can only explain the evasion by reference to those dreadfully deteriorating influences of politics by which a man is gradually drained of pluck in proportion to the time he has been exposed to them. Sir Edward indeed seems to allow for a

possibility of the politician becoming more courageous, or more truthful, or patriotic or literary and artistic as time goes on; but it is hardly the inference one would make from his speech. On the most favourable interpretation he only allows us to hope that some politicians escape, though as by fire, from the dangers by which they are encompassed. Their original virtue, if they are to be proof against these perils, needs to be greater than human nature can on the average be expected to provide. In a Parliament of six hundred and fifty-eight members we are afraid that if Sir Edward were quite frank he would find many examples to point his moral.

The best defence of the politician would probably be to confess that Sir Edward Grey's innuendoes, so cunningly planted in the form of leading questions, are true in his case, but not more true than they would be for men in any other public line you might choose to be severe upon. No man can be simply himself who has to make many appearances before the public. Everybody knows now that there is a psychology of the crowd which supercedes the psychology of the individual who forms one of it. The orator is usually the man who is most susceptible to the influences of the mass of men he happens to find himself in. He becomes a compromise between himself and the audience; and when it is all over he would be puzzled to say how much of the speech was his own and how much the crowd contributed. Many a man finds himself playing to the gallery who never intended it. Where is the leader of any movement who at any particular moment could say whether he was leading or being driven? All public characters are condemned to a pose more or less melodramatic which constantly oversteps the modesty of nature, that is of simple truth and sincerity as an impossible spectator without human emotions would conceive truth and sincerity. There is another kind of spectator who sees the insincerity of the exhibition. He is the man who belongs to an opposite party or faction, and he is very severe and sarcastic and indignant about the pretences and enthusiasms that are different from his own. Then at any moment the public man has to express himself confidently about subjects which he is either not competent to deal with, or about which he has not had sufficient time to form an opinion that can be called his own. He finds out afterwards perhaps what he really does think; but he has already committed himself. We fancy there is as much lack of courage amongst public men of any class in cases of this kind as there is amongst politicians. The point is of course that whoever undertakes to deal with the public as a leader, guide, and instructor, has on his conscience, if he is sensitive, an ever-growing burden of accommodations, equivocations, and concealments which would be very serious if they were not humorous. It would be quite immoral in private life, where the individual is in his natural sphere, if he lost control over himself to this extent. The misfortune of every man who makes a public character of himself is that he has put it out of his power to control his own acts. His career is bound to be an eccentric curve which is determined less by his own movements than by the movements of others. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman the other day confessed very frankly that on looking back he could not understand how he found himself where he is. He was trying to take stock of his outward career and he could not do it. How can a public man understand any better how he comes to be what he is in his own character, as Sir Edward Grey puts it. Is he true? Is he a coward? Is he disinterested? The fact is after a long course of public life the unfortunate man cannot separate his own character from the character of the audience he has been accustomed to think of. He has become a sort of artificial person as the lawyers say, a corporation with another personality than his own. Or he may account himself as a composite photograph made up of an indefinite number of individuals besides himself. It is in vain that he will try to rediscover his own lineaments. If the composition he is merged in be fairly presentable he may be tolerably content.

THE CITY.

THE collapse in the price of copper is retarding the recovery in the Stock Markets. Investment business proceeds on a small scale, but there is an indisposition to enter into fresh speculative transactions while heavy losses are being incurred in copper-mining shares. These form a big item in the Stock Exchange, and all the markets are susceptible to their fluctuations. It is possible that we have seen the lowest price for the metal for some time to come, but there is no certainty on the point, and while the market position is insecure there will be little inducement to buy copper shares even at their present greatly depreciated value. The salvation of the copper market may be a large increase in demands for the metal. The high prices current earlier in the year must have kept off many buyers who may now be tempted to come forward. It is possible to postpone, but not to refrain altogether from purchasing. Numbers of manufacturers have been waiting for the present opportunity to replenish their stocks, and this accumulation of orders should have a very appreciable effect on the market when executed. At the same time we do not look for a return of anything like the prices ruling a few months ago; they were unjustified and largely the result of manipulation. The metal was held back to assist share dealings, and London is equally culpable with New York in falsifying the position.

To-day will see the release of the dividends on the Funds, and it will be interesting to watch the effect—if any—that is produced upon "gilt-edged" securities. Some portion of the money at least must be reinvested, and the chances are that Consols, India Government and Colonial Government securities will be selected for the purpose, in which case the recovery that has started in their prices may continue. On the other hand, the money may go into foreign Government securities. There is a growing tendency to distribute capital "geographically", and investors, instead of increasing their present holdings of British securities, are taking stocks of other countries into their baskets. The principle is good if conducted judiciously, for experience shows that investments spread over a wide area are more profitable than those which are circumscribed. The Brazilian Government will make a bid for some of the money about to be made available, having seized the opportunity to bring out the long-expected loan of three millions sterling. The price of issue makes the bonds look attractive, but there is an indisposition in the City to lend Brazil money, owing to past misdeeds, and there are many financial houses who would exult in the loan proving a failure. All the same, the indiscretions of Brazil scarcely justify the venomous attacks made from time to time in a section of the press on Brazilian securities. The country is prosperous and well able to pay its way. It may not always have acted honestly towards creditors, but there is no reason for anticipating further lapses in the future. Certainly it is foolish to decry investment in Brazilian securities on past experiences, and under the skilful guidance of the Messrs. Rothschild the Government may even be able to recoup itself for the losses incurred in entering upon the coffee valorisation scheme.

A sensation of the week has been a sharp fall in Hudson's Bay shares, consequent upon publication of particulars of the company's land sales. These show a considerable falling-off compared with last year—as was predicted by the chairman at the last meeting. Market speculators, however, professed to know more of the company's business than the officials, and in forcing up the price of the shares sought to justify their action by making fancy estimates of profits to come. The fallacy of their figures being now proved, the shares have fallen to a level which is more commensurate with their intrinsic value. A contrary movement has taken place in Canadian Pacific shares, for which a "bear" squeeze is responsible. Sellers in New York were called upon for immediate delivery of shares sold, and their efforts to complete bargains resulted in a bound upwards in the price. A portion only of the advance has been retained, and the experience will not add to the popularity of the shares as an investment. Yet another feature of the week's business has been a relapse in

the prices of rubber shares. These form quite a new department of the Stock Exchange, and probably only a very few of the dealers are able to appraise their value. The public, however, have been urged to buy by promise of big profits, and in many cases have exceeded their means. The first piece of news adverse to the rubber industry has consequently struck terror into these indiscreet speculators, and it has come in the form of a reduction in the price of the raw material. Helter-skelter they have come into the market to sell their shares, and the dealers, not knowing to what extent they can safely "put them on their books", have run prices down in quite an alarming way. To add to the terrors of speculators circumstantial reports have been current that at last a substitute for rubber has been found.

PREMIUMS IN EXCESS OF ASSURANCE.

IF a man takes a life policy for £1,000 payable at death whenever it occurs, subject to the payment of premiums for the whole of life, and with the policy not participating in profits, it may very easily happen that he lives long enough to pay in premiums considerably more than the sum assured. Thus if a man aged forty-five takes a £1,000 policy at the low premium of £31 a year, he has but to live for thirty-three years to find that the total of his premiums exceeds the sum assured. Not infrequently in such a case the man grumbles and thinks that the assurance company ought not to require from him the payment of further premiums. He sometimes makes calculations in compound interest, explaining, for instance, that £31 a year at 3 per cent. amounts to £1,000 in the course of twenty-three years.

To such a demand as this there is the obvious answer that he has entered into a fixed contract with the assurance company, and that a life office could not carry on its business if it were liable to modify in this way the conditions of a fixed agreement. Even discontented policyholders are more or less ready to recognise this argument, but the more reasonable among them are better satisfied when they see how it comes about that the cessation of premiums in such circumstances is neither feasible nor just, and that they have not done so badly after all. We have frequently explained the cost and the value of insurance protection—of the possibility of receiving £1,000 in return for a payment of only £31. In policies issued at a high premium, such as endowment assurances, under which the sum assured is payable at the end of, say, twenty years or at death if previous, a comparatively small amount of the premium is applied to purchase insurance protection, while a comparatively large amount of the premium is used as investment or saving. Under low-premium life policies the bulk of the money paid by the policyholders goes to pay for insurance protection and a relatively small amount of it is available for saving. If we reckon that a life office earns interest upon its funds at the rate of 3 per cent., and if we make no allowance for expenses, a man of forty-five would have to pay about £12 for the chance of receiving £1,000 if he died within one year. A man of fifty-five would have to pay £20 for a similar chance; a man of sixty-five would have to pay more than £42; a man of seventy-five more than £95, and a man of eighty-five would have to pay about £204 for a similar chance.

In the light of these figures we may look at the premium for a low-priced policy as merely a method of making the premiums equal or level throughout life. During the early years the policyholder pays rather more than the actual cost of the insurance protection in order that during the later years he may pay annually a smaller sum than the yearly cost of protection. Clearly under a non-profit policy the policyholder is not entitled to share in the profits of the company, and must naturally expect that the actuary in fixing the rates of premium makes provision for contingencies such as a possible decline in the rate of interest and an increase in the rate of mortality and expenditure. All that a policyholder is concerned with therefore is the accumulations of his net premiums after providing for expenses. Now in the case of a

life policy for £1,000 effected at age forty-five the accumulated savings from net premiums at the end of thirty-three years is only £684 if the calculations are made on a 3 per cent. basis, and only £659 if they are made on a 4 per cent. basis. Whenever the man dies however the insurance company has to pay £1,000; thus there is a balance of something like £316 to be provided somehow in order to meet the liability under the policy. The only source from which this £316 can be provided is continued payments by the policyholder. Supposing deaths to occur in accordance with the mortality tables and interest to be earned at the rate of exactly 3 per cent. per annum, with no charge of any sort or kind for expenses, the net cost of assuring £1,000 at death would be £31 2s. 9d. a year so long as a man aged 45 at commencement lived: that is to say, if a number of people combined in a voluntary organisation incurring no expense, and earning exactly 3 per cent. per annum upon their funds, each member of the combination would have to pay £31 2s. 9d. a year so long as he lived, and, provided the deaths occurred in accordance with the mortality tables, the funds would be exactly wiped out by the payment of £1,000 to the estate of the last member.

Provided a man lives reasonably long, a with-profit policy in a good office would pay him better than a non-participating policy. Nevertheless the fact remains that even if a man has paid in premiums more than the sum assured he has had good value for money, as proved by the figures we have given.

ROYAL AND ANCIENT.

TWENTY years ago, or thereby, a small society, consisting chiefly of members of Parliament and a few journalists from the gallery, set about organising a golf club and obtaining suitable ground for links in a suburban district. At that time, if I remember aright, there were but two courses in the neighbourhood of London, to wit, Blackheath and Wimbledon Common. We had the option of securing on favourable terms the freehold of a pretty country house with ample scope for our purpose in the park surrounding it, whereof the proprietor, having decided to surrender all outside the demesne to be built upon, thereby destroying his own seclusion, desired to enhance its value by keeping the park as an open space for the greater amenity of the neighbourhood.

It was a radiant opportunity for the nascent club. The mansion house would have made an ideal club house, and the undulating park which it crowned, with scattered gorse bushes, required little labour to develop into an admirable links.

Yet we hesitated. To justify the venture we required assurance of at least one hundred members; there seemed no prospect of enlisting more than sixty, and no certainty of keeping those who enlisted. Signs were not wanting that the Southron was waking up to the fascination of "far-and-sure"; but the cycling craze, which during two summers sent hundreds of fashionable folk wobbling round Battersea Park, was already on the wane; what if the passion for golf should prove equally fleeting? A hundred permanent members! The majority of the committee decided that was too much to expect; golden opportunity went by, and a lease was secured of a few fields outside the demesne.

Twenty years ago! What have we not witnessed in the interval? Whereas then it was a rare occurrence to find a leisured Londoner who could discern any difference between a mashie and a putter, now it is the exception to find one who is not ready to discuss all the points in swing, the niceties of approach, and the vices of pulling and slicing.

A Londoner, said I? Where and what is the civilised community to whom all the quaint vocabulary of golf has not become as household words? This must mean a great deal to Mr. H. S. C. Everard, forasmuch as, had his "History of the Royal and Ancient"* appeared in the early 'eighties, his readers south of the

Tweed must have been few indeed, whereas, being published in the year when the championship of the United Kingdom has been awarded to a Frenchman, his volume commands attention from all parts of the civilised world.

Commands it not only in virtue of the importance of the subject (for as the M.C.C. is to cricket, so is the Royal and Ancient to golf), but also in virtue of its literary treatment and the admirable illustrations with which it abounds. Mr. Everard has done full justice to his theme in a narrative both lucid and lively, and his publishers have incorporated it in a beautiful volume.

In a preliminary chapter by Mr. James Cunningham, it is admitted that, although S. Andrews is the acknowledged metropolis of golf, the game is an exotic in Scotland, having travelled thither from Holland, where it died out at least two hundred years ago. But it had become so firmly established four hundred and fifty years ago as to interfere with the statutory weapon-shaws and "schutting at the buttes", wherefore the Scottish Parliament decreed that "the fute-bal and golfe be vtterly cryed downe and nocht vsit" on pain of outlawry. This notwithstanding, the game flourished, spreading from the east to the west of Scotland, so that in Queen Mary's reign S. Andrews had a vigorous offspring on Prestwick links. There is evidence, too, that there were hard drivers among the westland players; for in that delectable chronicle of crime, "The Historie of the Kennedyis", we read of the Laird of Bargany, who died about 1578, that "his neise was laich [nose was flattened] be ane straik of ane goiff ball on the hills of Air in reklesnes". Be it remembered that balls in those days were neither plain "guttier", rubber-cored, nor even feather-stuffed, but turned in solid crab-wood.

Mr. Everard traces some of the peculiar terms used in golf, whereof the etymology has puzzled many thinkers, to a Dutch origin. Thus he suggests that "stymie" represents "stuit mij" (pronounced "styt my"), which is good Dutch for "it stops me". "Tuitje", pronounced "toytee", a small heap, appears as the modern "tee", and "to putt" probably comes from the Dutch "put", a hole. To putt out and to hole out, therefore, are exact synonyms.

All this, however, and much more of the same sort is but the garnishing to Mr. Everard's pièce de résistance—the chronicle of the "Royal and Ancient". The society took its rise from a meeting of two-and-twenty noblemen and gentlemen, who being admirers of the "ancient and healthful exercise of the Golf", did, on 14 May, 1754, draft formal articles and laws regulating play. It is to this momentous document, occupying several pages of the minute book, still preserved in the Club, that the modern game owes the precision of its rules; for, although there have been many modifications in minor points, the main principles remain unchanged to this day, and every golf club, from San Francisco eastward to Singapore, from S. Petersburg southward to Australasia, conforms to every fresh edict issuing from

"The little city, grey and sere,
Though shrunken from her ancient pride
And lonely by her lonely sea."

The orthodox number of eighteen holes, it seems, was fixed by pure chance. There were originally twenty-two holes on S. Andrews links, and so it continued till 1764, when the first four holes were converted into two. Thenceforward every full course has been laid out to correspond with Alma Mater.

It is interesting to examine the early scores recorded in the minute book. William St. Clair, of Roslin, whose portrait in scarlet golfing coat by Sir George Chalmers has been beautifully reproduced in colour for this history, won the Silver Club in 1764 with 121 strokes for the 22 holes, which is equivalent to 99 for 18 holes. He was then sixty-four, and the performance must be considered good—far better, probably, than any amateur of the present day would back himself to accomplish with the feather balls and long-headed clubs of those times. Two years later he was to the front again at S. Andrews with a score of 103 for the 18 holes. "In 1768 the remarkable veteran wins again with a score of 106 . . . thus his three victories averaged 102 and a fraction, and they were gained

* "A History of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, S. Andrews, from 1754 to 1900." By H. S. C. Everard. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1907. 21s. net.

at the ages of sixty-four, sixty-six, and sixty-eight. . . . When 'Old Tom' won a professional competition at the age of sixty-one, he was looked upon as a sort of rejuvenated Eton, and the occurrence was deemed sufficiently remarkable, as indeed it was." In estimating the merit of St. Clair's performance, the condition and size of putting-greens in the eighteenth century must be taken into account. They cannot have been the ample, flawless carpets which we now insist on having, for in 1777 the council decreed "that in time coming none of the society shall tee their [sic] balls within less than a play-club length of the hole from which they are to strike off, nor at a greater distance than four lengths of said club from the hole." Imagine what would be the effect upon the greens were this rule to be enforced now, and there are men still living, and perhaps playing, who remember a time when it was operative. It certainly was so in 1855, when Mr. George Glennie did the eighteen holes in eighty-eight, a score which remained unbeaten till 1884. "It is satisfactory to think that his memory remains green; that the Royal and Ancient have a tangible token—a Glennie medal—which annually recalls the name of this great player."

Among the adversaria of the society, which had a strong convivial side at a period before cigarettes had put conviviality to flight, there are recorded some amusing bets. About the year 1830, the medal-holder backed himself for ten pounds to play from the first hole of S. Andrews links to the toll-bar at Cupar in two hundred teed strokes, a distance of nine miles. At first sight this seems a herculean performance, but apparently nobody accepted the wager, the calculation having been made that one hundred and fifty-eight drives of no more than one hundred yards each would cover the whole distance of 15,840 yards and leave a good margin for divergence and missed shots. They lived high, these heroes of a bygone age, and, as became Scotsmen, prided themselves on the quality of their mutton; but of the claret which, according to immemorial national custom, should have been the appropriate libation, there occurs no mention. "Let him drink port, the British statesman cried", a command which frequent entries like the following show to have been readily obeyed:

"Mr. Bruce of Grangemuir bets that he will produce a leg of mutton against the September meeting of the Club superior to one to be produced by Mr. Haig of Seggie, for a magnum of port to the Club. Taken by Mr. Haig."

"Mr. Bruce also bets that he will produce at the December meeting next a leg of white-faced mutton superior to one to be produced by Mr. Glass, Kinaldy, for a magnum of port. Taken by Mr. Glass."

"The Captain bets that he will produce a ham superior to one to be produced by Mr. Bruce against the next meeting for a magnum of port. Taken by Mr. Bruce."

Not only, then, to the broad sunlight and the keen breath of the German Ocean must be attributed the fine Venetian complexions of the notabilities whose portraits, finely reproduced by the three-colour process, adorn and enliven Mr. Everard's pages.

"Ætas parentum, peior avis, tulit
Nos nequiores."

Few of our feeblener generation would present a very brave appearance on the links on the morrow of an encounter with those big-bellied magnums; fewer still, whose heads could endure the burden of those portentous chimney-pot hats, which appear to have been deemed as indispensable a part of the general sportsman's costume seventy years ago, as they remain to this day, strange to say, in that of the fashionable fox-hunter. It deepens our veneration for the physical prowess of our grandsires to know that they disdained to sacrifice dignity to comfort by donning democratic flannel shirts and socialist soft caps; adding to the innumerable difficulties of the game by playing in high stocks, "Gladstone" collars and unbending "toppers". Noblesse oblige: and in days when men played cricket, went fly-fishing, and even deer-stalking, in what the Scots caddie calls a "lum ha-at", it would never have done for members of the Royal and Ancient to have

shrunk from the universal test of "noblemen and gentlemen".

I thank you, Mr. Everard, for a most agreeable hour spent in conning your chronicle, and for the excellent judgment with which you have caused to be reproduced the likenesses of notable golfers of an elder age. Our sense of portraiture has been sadly blunted by the relentless camera which reveals nothing but the skin-deep. It requires such brush and pencil work as is here reproduced to bring back to us the personalities of the past, recreating the impression they made on the senses of a competent painter.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

MY GARDEN AND AVIARY.—II.

I LEFT off with a plaint as to my lilies-of-the-valley, and there is no more seductive scent. But I can indulge my passion for colour and perfume in the broad walk that traverses the vegetable garden. I delight in the old-fashioned flowers that flourish in the cottage garden, and the seasons bring a succession of them. Some have colour without scent, but most have scent with colour as well. The snapdragon and the dahlia represent the one, the sweet-pea and the clove carnation the other. For the gaudy dahlias I never had much liking, though they are useful as earwig-traps—a search in the flower-pots on the top of the poles is a happy riddance after rain. Lupins and irises and gladiolas make a glorious show, and the foxgloves which flourish in the neighbouring copses, with their drifting seeds will sometimes sow a bed of themselves on the borders of the orchard. Early in the summer come the pinks—literally pinks—in inexhaustible clusters of single flowers, twin blossoms and triplets: then follow the white picotees, more expansive and almost as prolific, but scarcely so odoriferous. And these lead on to the carnations, carefully reared from cuttings and tied up, with as many varieties of colouration as the sweet-peas, though the clove with its real "carnation" and rich fragrance is easily the first. Some of the best of these carnation cuttings come from Holland, whence we have the ranunculus and the hyacinth. The bulbs degenerate and must be renewed by relays each spring. Some are for the flower-beds, others are potted in the conservatory, to fill the sitting-rooms with their perfume in the blustering days of our Aprils and Mays. The bulbs of the second and third year are planted out to take their chance and fill blanks in the borders. For a stand-by that goes on flowering the more persistently you pluck it, there is nothing like the good old-fashioned stock. When familiar with it you find that the smell varies with the colour, and the white is my special favourite. I always associate it with orthodox churchgoing. Like the old ladies who used to go to service with their bunches of thyme or southernwood, I generally take a flower to church, and the white stock has helped me pleasantly through many a drowsy discourse. Nor should we forget the modest mignonette, scattered broadcast between the standard roses with their fashionable French names and the untrimmed bushes of the old cabbage and celestial. I have thought of converting part of that walk into a pergola, but have hitherto refrained. The pergola is more appropriate to the cloudless skies of the South, to villas basking on the banks of the Italian lakes or the shores of the Bay of Naples. In the drip of our climate it serves imperfectly as an umbrella, and we seldom want it as a sunshade. And after all, with the verandah and the walls of the house, you have a more rational substitute for the support of climbers and creepers. The north side and the wall of the stable-yard is matted with "that rare old plant the ivy green" which loves the dark and the damp, and is beloved of the sparrows and titmice.

Turning the north-east corner is a Virginian creeper—the *Ampelopsis Veitchii* is its botanical name—which covers two sides of the house, festooning the windows, intermingled here and there with white or purple clematis, and striking its searching tendrils into the interstices of every brick. On the ground floor on the east are white and yellow jasmine, then come those verandah bedposts buried out of sight in the Japanese honeysuckle, and between a great bay window and the

conservatory door are pendant masses of the purple wistaria. In those creepers you can mark the course of time and the changes of the seasons. The ivy with its yew-like suggestions of the churchyard is always with us in the rank fulness of foliage. The yellow jasmine keeps up a good heart with shivering flowers in the depth of winter. The wistaria with its pea-like scent heralds the advent of summer, and the Virginian creeper with its scarlets and sepals is never more gorgeous than when the year is on the decline. But à propos of the colour, to which, as I said, I am comparatively indifferent when divorced from scent, I had almost forgotten the transformation scene, the event of the year to the anxious gardener, when with the passing of the night frosts the geraniums go from the frames to the potting-shed and thence to form those bright fringes to the flower-beds which modestly emulate the resplendent displays of the parks and the Crystal Palace. Here are the scarlets and pinks, suggesting the glories of summer toilettes: then there are others of the variegated tints with flowers that are faintly odoriferous, and behind are the trained growths standing out waist-high like the standard roses against the green background of the laurels. As for azaleas and rhododendrons, like the lilies-of-the-valley they are melancholy failures, even when I bring peat to fertilise the sandy loam. It is the more tantalising that they run to riot in the approaches and in the pheasant coverts of the neighbouring domains.

And I must own to non-success as a beekeeper, after investing in sundry patent hives—possibly because I have none of the enthusiasm of Lord Avebury, and care little for honey as being too luscious, though I have the Scotchman's love for sweets at breakfast. En revanche there are the wasps who make themselves a nuisance with the figs and the wall fruit, and the great bumble-bees whose droning here in a drowsy noon is a symphony that sets the music to the dancing of the butterflies. But the garden would be nothing without the birds, and if they make free with the fruit they richly repay you. How often I have caught my coat-buttons in the strawberry nets when crawling to relieve some frightened captive. How they get under the pegged-down coverings is a mystery, but there they are and they give you a world of trouble, for it is as hard for you to get in as for them to get out, and you do not grow the ripe strawberries for external application. There are sundry pairs of turtle-doves that feed regularly with the tame pigeons, and one of them on the only warm day of the summer gave me full ten minutes of practice in the rôle of the sinuous serpent. These doves in an ordinary way are confiding birds; they never seem to dream of anyone harming them. When the blue-rocks sweep down from the gable of the stable to gather with the fantails for their meals on the terrace, the doves are pecking quietly on the outer rank—in contrast to the sparrows who come to the front and to the starlings who, though they never join in these feasts, are even more cheeky than the sparrows. For they have appropriated the upper story of the pole dovecot, immediately under the windows, and though they interfere with the fantails' domestic arrangements I like their company so much that I never care to dispossess them. If the fantails, in consequence, make barren marriages, the starlings are amazingly prolific. They are always nesting and fetching materials, or coming home with worms dangling from their beaks. In fact the worms on the lawn must have a rough time of it, and it is a marvel that the breed is not extirpated. You look out of your bedroom of a dewy morn, with thrushes and blackbirds everywhere on the hop. There is a rush of a keen-eyed thrush, reminding you of Lord Dundreary in "Our American Cousin"—there is an illustration of anatomical leverage as the bird throws himself back—and away he flies with a quarter of a yard of worm, more or less, to indulge in a solitary gorge in the bushes. Those impertinent sparrows too are useful in their way, and probably do as much good as mischief. But, as in the case of the starlings, I have a standing grievance with them, for they have effectually banished the house martins. The first year the house was occupied, there were at least a score of swallows' nests under the eaves, and it was pretty to see them dropping across the windows as they fetched

and carried for their broods. Now the migrants have almost given it up in despair, though there is a single attempt at nest-building season after season. The sparrows superintend till the work is well forward; then they serve a notice of ejectment, and I wish I could get a wrinkle as to how those lawless proceedings could be prevented. The garden is encircled with wire netting, but another irrepressible is the rabbit, though he comes as single spies and not in battalions. There are never more than one or two, and once in the enclosure, if unmated, they must resign themselves to celibacy. But they keep themselves well in wind and give regular exercise to the terriers. Strange to say, they never harm the pinks or carnations: they lie out among the cabbages or in the grass of the orchard, but they are more destructive than the pigeons to the young peas and seedling carrots. The only time they show is at daybreak, and like ghosts they vanish from the lawn at cockcrow or thereabouts. If you chance to be up before the house is astir, you see them hopping about mistrustfully among the thrushes. There is the rattle of a shutter, the opening of a door, the dogs dash out in vociferous jubilation, and the rabbits are gone for the day. ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CARNEGIE.

THE words "Free Library" are in these latter days inseparably associated with the name of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. For praise or blame he has made the field his own.

But the "Star-spangled Scotchman", as William Black called Mr. Carnegie, would be the last man to assert that the free library was his own invention, and we confess that, were it possible, we should prefer to visit the "Library of the Honourable Lord Gardenstone, kept open for the amusement of travellers, at the Inn of his village of Laurencekirk", especially if we might there meet the founder.

Francis Garden, Lord Gardenstone (1721-1793), advocate in 1744, had an excellent right to call the village of Laurencekirk "his". It did not come to him by any commonplace (though doubtless comfortable) descent or marriage. He bought it in '62, began to build a new village in '65, which at his death contained (if our figures be right) five hundred houses and a population of twelve thousand. Twenty-four to a house sounds crowded. Garden's tenants must have been, as Mrs. Primmins said of earwigs, "the prolifickest things". He let land on easy terms, established manufactures, built an inn, and founded a museum and library.

Living when he did, he had permission to be eccentric. And in the intervals of hard work, the "Douglas cause", for instance, that Serbonian bog into which all the Scotch Bar plunged, and beneficence, took full advantage of it. It is told that a visitor called on him one morning before he was up, and was shown to his bedroom. Entering, the visitor fell neck and crop over a bundle which grunted indignantly. "'Tis but a bit sow", said his lordship. "I wrappit her up in ma breeks, lest the puir beastie shuld feel cauld i' the nicht". He was also celebrated "even at the Scotch Bar for wit and conviviality"—qualities now a little out of fashion, but amiable. For "conviviality" meant in those days more than three-bottle capacity, to which sense the word is too often degraded. It implied "clubbability".

Having founded his library Garden was not content to leave his guests to browse there unguided. It was "his lordship's practice to insert his critical observations on the margins of the respective books", which observations, with his poems and other essays, were printed at Edinburgh in 1792, the first edition not having been intended for sale.

It must be owned that any traveller taking up one of his books and reading first his lordship's judgment on it, might wonder why it had room in the library. Besides Shakespeare, he praised few. His first remark on English plays, of which there is a large assortment, is, on "The Hypocrite": "This plagiarious mode of forming plays has, in our servile age, become necessary from the want of original genius", and this "note"

continues throughout. On Addison's "Drummer" he writes, "I intend to have this piece taken into a volume of bad plays by good authors, in which Sir Richard Steele's 'Tender Husband' should have a place, if I can find it". He is very, but probably justly, rough on those who "edited" plays. "The alterations and additions in this play ('The Alchymist'), were framed by Garrick, to make his London audience laugh, and so are good for nothing." Of "The Guardian", by Garrick, he says: "I should score every line, and make the stuff illegible, if I took my usual method to mark by scoring, what I damn as insipid, flat, affected, or unnatural. It was received with rapture at London." Of "Thomas and Sally", by Bickerstaff, he laconically says "Insignificant, silly, modern singsong."

Nor is he much more polite to other than dramatists. He begins his remarks on Young's "Night Thoughts" with "I wonder not that his son Lorenzo was an infidel", and likens Young to Sterne, a similitude which would not have pleased the former "author prodigiously great in the outré style". At Lady Craven's "Journey through the Crimea", which "book, price one pound four shillings, I was tempted to purchase because it partly describes foreign countries where I have lately travelled", he sneers: "The fine female author prattles agreeably, and in a sort of good modish English." But "Her conversations with emperors, princes, and ambassadors have no tendency to excite envy in the minds of inferior people". We are a little angry that he "grudged his two guineas" for Boswell's "Johnson" "till I read Johnson's excellent letter to Lord Chesterfield which I think well worth the money". However, "Upon the whole, I am much reconciled to Johnson's character. With superior talents, I think, that though exceedingly vain, he was a goodnatured man; and that his prejudices against poor Scotland were not so irrational and unjust as I formerly imagined". This, from a North Briton, is much.

Of his poems, which make up the bulk of the Miscellanies, perhaps there is not much to be said. No poet, as poetry is reckoned now, he has a great metrical facility in many styles. He translates or imitates Horace, Secundus, and Buchanan (one of the gods of his Pantheon) rather well. He could write like Pope or Swift with some success. But with some of their ability, he combines a double portion of their venom. He rails at all professions, "Church, army, physic, law", with great impartiality, but rather wearisome iteration, especially at the two last, perhaps because he knew most of them. A doctor is always a quack to him, and the mildest thing we have found, of his saying, about lawyers is the statement that "attorneys have been known to shed a tear". Nor does he spare tradesmen, from bookseller to publican. If he felt as he wrote he must have had a mean opinion of his fellow-man. Yet he must too have been thoughtful for others, since he supplied a library for travellers. Even now, when books, of sorts, are many, few inns boast a library. What must they have been in his time? Laurencekirk still makes a figure on the map. Stands Garden's library yet? One would like to go there and doze over his lordship's cynicisms till, in the gathering dusk, his gay old ghost appeared, poring on a folio, and accompanied in death as in life by the "bit sow".

THE BALLET AT THE EMPIRE.

THERE is poetry in the idea of Covent Garden at dawn. That old piazza echoing with life and labour while all other places sleep! One likes to think of the freshness of the pearly and rosy dawn there—Aurora delighting, after the many square miles of chimney-pots she has just traversed, to linger in the fragrance of the multitudinous flowers and fruits that are heaped in that delicate oasis. One likes to think that she has never yet got quite used to Covent Garden—that it is always by way of being for her a fresh rapture. And therefore one gives Covent Garden at dawn a wide berth, and tries hard to forget the occasions on which one has actually seen it. The actuality is something awful. Was ever elsewhere so much bad language as hurtles continuously from

end to end of the piazza, above the din of horses' hoofs on the cobbles? And the masses of roses with dew on them, where are they? You look vainly for a single blossom. What inspiration can you draw from cabbages? What message have potatoes for your soul? The cobbles are slippery with scraps of rejected vegetables, and you must walk warily lest you fall—warily, too, lest you be kicked by one of the terrified horses, or be mixed up in one of the innumerable brawls. And all the while you are shivering, for even at midsummer the English dawn bites shrewdly, and you probably catch a cold as souvenir of a visit which you would far rather not be reminded of. Why are you not in bed? You pick your way out of the intimidating chaos, and hail a hansom.

Well, it is not the mission of ballet to hold the mirror up to nature. On the contrary, ballet's mission is to suppress and banish whatsoever in life does not pander to the senses, and to intensify by all possible devices the delightfulness of what is left over. In a ballet one looks to find embodied one's dream of an ideal state. On behalf of Mr. H. G. Wells I suggest to Mr. H. J. Hitchins that he should take Mr. Wells' "New Utopia" as the basis of the next ballet at the Empire. I do not feel that the world has thrilled with joy at Mr. Wells' vision of its future development. I myself was deeply depressed by that vision. But I fancy we might all be reconciled to it if it were presented to us in the form of a ballet, shimmering with the roseate hues which it evidently had for Mr. Wells' eyes. In his book the vision came out all drab; and thus, in this colour-loving world, the interval between us and the millennium is in no measure curtailed. Come, Mr. Hitchins: let a ballet pave the way to mankind's salvation. Mr. Wells might object to this procedure as savouring of trickery. But surely the end justifies the means. Even if the actual Utopia turns out to be a disappointment when it is established, just as an actual dawn at Covent Garden would be a blow to anyone who had but seen it as presented in the present ballet, mankind will not, with Mr. Wells' eye on it, dare revert to its ancient naughtiness. "The present ballet": in my sociological ardour, I have strayed far from that. I was going to say how delightful it is to see the porters and costers of Covent Garden all turned to damsels, quite fresh and neat, smiling instead of frowning, all skipping and pirouetting in ordered ranks, while they pursue their Arcadian tasks, with never a curse on their pretty lips. The glow of dawn makes rosy the sky behind the chimney-pots, and yet there is no chill in the air around us. This is Covent Garden as it ought to be. Revellers, masked and unmasked, troop out from the Opera House, all of them gay, none of them haggard, all of them sober. Actual dawn in the piazza is especially unattractive when there are actual revellers to mingle with it. The English character was not formed for masquerade. No English crowd is so preternaturally gloomy as that which you find at a masked ball; nor can it be said that those units who seek to drown awkwardness in alcohol succeed in diffusing an air of gaiety: noise is not gaiety; and the mirth of these units rings more than ever hollow when it is prolonged into the cold grey unbecoming dawn without. If only the real thing could be like the thing at the Empire! Behold the merry demure face of Mlle. Genée as she darts forth, at length, with fluttering hands and twinkling ankles, to meet the dawn. Surely she herself is the incarnation of dawn—the dawn that we read of in books, and dream of in bed with the curtains drawn to shut out the genuine article. It is mainly in virtue of this peculiar freshness in her that we set Mlle. Genée so far above all other dancers. Others are clever, but have not the cleverness to hide it, and impress us with a sense of their responsibility to their art. Mlle. Genée, for all the high formality of her steps, seems as artless as though she were but dancing for joy, with no one to look on. In a sense, indeed, she *is* spontaneous. So perfect is her mastery of her art that she can afford not to think of it in public, can afford to throw herself into the part she is playing. Alone among the dancers of this generation, she is an actress, and an actress so exquisite, so sensitive, that one might almost grudge her to ballet.

In ballet, one certainly grudges every moment when she is not on the stage. Mr. Hitchens has found an ingenious device for lulling us. He makes appeal to a sentiment almost as strong in us as our sentiment for Mlle. Genée: to wit, our sentiment for our own past. The greater part of the new ballet is devoted to reminiscences of old comic operas. "La Grande Duchesse", "Madame Favart", "La Fille de Madame Angot", are things too antique to touch me. I was in the nursery when Offenbach and Lecocq were in their heyday; and their music stirs but faint chords of memory in my breast. But, looking around, I saw the heads of my elders wagging in unison, and a strange light in their eyes, half-joyous, half-sad, as the old tunes were played, and the old scenes enacted. Just such a light, doubtless, shone from my own eyes (and was noted half-enviously, half-pityingly, by my juniors) when the turn came for "Dorothy". With the first bars of the hunting song, a wild confusion of little vague memories surged up to me, and swept me back, unresisting, into adolescence. And then "You are Queen of my Heart To-night"! It was not Mr. Hayden Coffin whom this music conjured up, but a fellow-undergraduate who had hummed it, late one night, somewhat out of tune, on the terrace of an hotel in Lucerne. He had hummed it gazing up at a window on the third storey, which he believed to be the bedroom-window of a young lady with whom he had fallen in love at first sight during table d'hôte. As he had not spoken to her, he hummed only under his breath; nor was he quite sure that the window was hers. The adventure was not, you perceive, an exciting one. But it had touched my imagination, and I give it as one of many memories that sprang gladly, sadly in me as I listened to the old tunes. "Véronique", the last of the items in the ballet, is too recent to make me sentimental: for me it is a comic opera, and no more. But we live in so rapid an age that I daresay some of my juniors will find in "Véronique" a reminder, bitter-sweet, of the time when they, too, were young.

MAX BEERBOHM.

PIANOFORTE-PLAYING AS AN ART.

SINCE Liszt the piano has been the most popular of the instruments. It is useless for musicians to abuse it, for it is a compromise of infinite value, capable of giving infinite delight. It can suggest many of the tones of the voice and many of the timbres of the orchestra, and is unhappily coming to a mechanical perfection, a power of resonance and resistance, which enables it to compete in mere sound with the orchestra in that illegitimate and anomalous form, the piano concerto. Technique is in danger of spoiling an instrument in developing a machine. Our modern iron-clads make the battle between music and the attack of the pianist more deadly. Soon we shall have no one but Pachmann to give us a "crescendo of silences". The piano will only be played at full speed and with both fists at once.

I suppose one reason of the popularity of piano-playing is that it is easier for the general public to follow music on it than on any other instrument. Most people, alas, can strum a few notes on the piano, but luckily few are acquainted with the violin, because it is more difficult to play it badly. Consequently more people in an audience can take an intelligent interest in what a pianist does with his piano than in what a violinist does with his violin. Acrobatics on the piano are more tangible, can be followed more easily by the uneducated ear, than acrobatics on the violin. And it is more and more for acrobatics that the public goes to its "recital". An interest in the piano and the universal practice of the instrument have done little to produce good English pianists. Are we indeed any better off for executive than for creative artists? There are not more than two names that come instinctively to one's memory, and those names would hardly be found in a list of the principal European pianists. There is Miss Fanny Davies, of whom I have already spoken; and there is Mr. Leonard Borwick. Mr. Borwick has, in England, a certain reputation, and he plays carefully and unaffectedly in concerted music. But he has no real

feeling for the instrument and no subtlety in his use of it, and as a solo player he is totally without interest. There are others, whose names are less known, and whom I cannot characterise, as I have not heard them. But for the most part it is from foreign countries that the pianists come to us, not all great but nearly all interesting. I have written here at length of the two who are great, Pachmann and Paderewski, and I have said how much I admire the splendid Spanish woman Teresa Carreño. A pianist in whom I find something of this woman's vigour, often carried beyond the bounds, is Eugen d'Albert. He is himself a serious musician, and his playing is full of vital thought as well as vitalising emotion. He seems to have lost the sense of how far rhetoric really is from truth, and is too ready to be content with a rhetoric which is oratory. But what he never loses is his grip of the material upon which he works, his sense of a composition as a whole; if he crumples it a little roughly, he gives it to you in one handful entire.

No pianist has made a more serious impression in London of late than Leopold Godowsky, who is to be heard at the Bechstein Hall on November 2. He has been called "the master-miniaturist", and the title is appropriate. I do not like either his touch or his manner, his form or his interpretation, when he plays Chopin, and when I heard him play the whole of the Preludes I noted down against each my objection to his particular rendering. Never was anything so perfect externally, and so empty of any of that inner meaning which makes Chopin so rare and incalculable an artist. But his playing of the Beethoven Piano Concerto at a London Symphony Orchestra Concert was, as I said at the time, that of an interpreter. He is himself a composer, of a not too commendable kind, and has done Chopin the ingenious cruelty of setting two studies into one, and of arranging a single study for the left hand only. Pachmann practises them as he practises scales and exercises, and I have heard him do the impossible left-hand study without a flaw. But here, indeed, we have acrobatics, which should be outside of the province of a good musician, as M. Godowsky certainly is. When he plays, with his scholarly surety, the precision of a technique which has trained itself in the brain, his right hand always knows what his left hand will do; sound is like thread between his fingers, to be twisted to any pattern.

To pass from Godowsky to Backhaus is to pass from a learned gnome to a sullen angel. It seems as if, in Herr Backhaus (who will be playing Bach and Beethoven and Liszt at the Queen's Hall when this article comes into print), we are to have a new pianist. His manner is unlike that of any other, it has a kind of priestly decorum, as if he were a devout person, reverent of the form of his art and perfectly observant of it. With his pontifical dignity he seems to render the soul rather than the brain or the senses in music, and is satisfying rather than stimulating. Within the limits of his temperament, which are marked, he has a meditative quality, a kind of taste and judgment, singularly attractive, and helped by a sufficient technique. His Chopin is interesting, and if it is not to be compared seriously with Pachmann's, which one may well suppose to be almost that of Chopin himself, it might be imagined, from the sentiment of it, to be George Sand, turned musician, playing over to Chopin his own music. The best criticism that could possibly be made of Herr Backhaus would be to put into words the attentive gestures with which, at one of his concerts, Pachmann followed or rather preceded his playing. An evident sympathy, not wholly satisfied, betrayed itself in infinite nervous movements, as if to prompt and restrain the fingers of the player, which might touch the notes ever so delicately, and yet hurt some fine shade. It was with an exquisite solicitude that the master watched over an experiment so hazardous.

From Backhaus to Sapellnikoff is a long way, for Sapellnikoff is Russia itself. Like most heavy and apparently clumsy people, he plays with extreme delicacy, and is never violent in the midst of the greatest volume of sound. He plays simply and with the Russian sincerity, and, not only in the "Carillon" of Liapounov, one of the only two native compositions on

his programme, gets a rich bell-like effect out of the instrument. His feeling and technique are as typically Russian as Paderewski's are Polish, and it is enough to compare the simple quietude of the one with the nervous exaltation of the other to realise all the difference between race and race.

A Belgian critic, writing lately of an Ysaye concert at Brussels, qualified Mark Hambourg, who had played some Beethoven, by saying: "Ce diable d'homme fait ce qu'il veut". That is quite true, and it is the "demoniac" quality in this player that gives him a certain unquestionable appeal. I used to think until I heard his last concert, given in the spring, that this force and vitality went to the support of a really artistic temperament. Either I was mistaken from the first or he has let his muscular ability outgrow his more serious qualities as an interpreter of music. Of the pieces I heard, the first movement of Chopin's Funeral March Sonata was the only one which was rendered with any naturalness or conviction, with any really personal life; the Funeral March itself meant nothing, done as it was in a dry mechanical way. The Beethoven sonata, which was well suited to test every capacity of a vehement and accomplished player, was no more Beethoven than the Chopin was Chopin. There were many passages of beautiful irrelevant detail, carefully and cleverly elaborated in sound on the piano; and to these the effect of the whole was sacrificed. Always there was a conscious, prepared method of rendering, hard and sharp for the most part, but in the lovely meditative third movement weakened by sentimental pauses. The whole reading was calculated for display, and in this particular sonata the lack of any deeper feeling was even more distressing than in a piece so naturally showy as the Bach toccata and fugue, transposed from the organ by Tausig. Here the Erard piano rang like an anvil with fierce resonances; but there was nothing but this echo of hammering fists, the music could hardly be heard through it.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE PASSION FOR PACE.

EVERY day brings some new story of successful achievement in the annihilation of space and time. Almost every man one meets is filled with an eager desire to break some record on land or sea or in the air. A race between rival Atlantic liners held the rapt attention of two nations, and people in feverish anxiety awaited the receipt of Marconigrams from mid-ocean. Then there are rumours of new inventions which will make possible a speed of a hundred miles an hour on sea. On land the motor-car holds undisputed sway. The supremacy of railways is more than threatened. Cars of greater and greater power and speed are being made, and it has been found necessary to build special tracks for the exhibition of pace. On these tracks speeds of a hundred and forty miles an hour have been registered. The motor-cab in London has made a journey in the horse-drawn vehicle an unendurable trial of patience, while motor-omnibuses and electric trams all over the country have brought home to the humblest the joy of quick travel, and fired the blood of the most sluggish and unimaginative with the passion of speed. Where is it to end? What limit is to be set, if limit there be, to man's capacity for quick transit?

It is not hard to feel a certain sympathy with those who view with unqualified disapproval these feverish manifestations of the age. This incessant desire for rapid motion is, we are told again and again, a sure sign of degeneracy; that apart from the ugly aspects of the thing, its accompanying din and dirt and turmoil, it is unwholesome; that it is a morbid craving contrary to nature, out of which nothing but evil can come; that we have lost the beautiful habit of tranquillity, of possessing our souls in patience, of enjoying quiet and rest. We are reminded that Athens and Rome attained a higher state of civilisation than any we have ever reached without the aid of telegrams, telephones, and motor-cars; that our grandfathers led a much more dignified life without them, and that the end of the whole thing can only be disaster.

But while natural inclination, indolence, or sentiment may incline one to endorse such views it is well perhaps to remember that no amount of disapproval will make the least difference. Unless we are content to fall hopelessly out of step with all that is going on around, we simply must accept the inevitable and realise that if we are to move at all we must move quickly. After all each age has its drawbacks and pitfalls. The reason why our fathers did not drive so fast was not because they had a fuller understanding of the dignity or beauty of life, but because motor-cars were not invented. The lovely ladies with sloping shoulders and flowing garments who sat to Gainsborough were not really more calm and dignified because they travelled in sedan chairs instead of electric broughams. And every argument against increase of speed in locomotion tells equally against the introduction of railways or steam-boats. It is in vain, then, that the praiser of old times appeals to sentiment and ancient virtues. An excellent case, no doubt, may be made out against all mechanical inventions and contrivances, and on the score of man's welfare alone it may easily be shown how little they have added to the sum total of man's happiness. But once admit that it is impossible to return to the days of the stage coach, and there is no reason why man having learnt to go fast should not wish to go faster. Certainly no sentimental considerations will deter him, and once he has reached a hundred miles an hour his imagination will stop short at—a thousand.

One thing alone can intervene and put the curb on the desire for speed—man's powers of endurance. Already there are signs that it has almost reached its limit. The increase of nervous diseases, the spread of insanity, these and other warnings should serve as danger-signals that the speed of modern life is excessive. The adjusting of a man's frame to rapidly changing conditions, great though it be, yet has its limits. Machinery may be perfected to an incredible degree, but man—unless we are to conceive of him as becoming absolutely machine-like—will always have his limitations of flesh and blood. He will always be a fantastic creature subject to strange emotions, uncertain gusts of passion, sudden tricks of nerves or of physical exhaustion. Among the daily catastrophes from the lust of speed it is rare to find that it is the machinery which is at fault. It is the failure of the eye to transmit with sufficient rapidity the danger-message to the brain, or an error in judgment, or a sudden nerve-failure—one of these which brings about disaster. Man may perfect the machine, but he remains himself ever imperfect.

THE OLD FIDDLER.

HERE by the wayside I sit to show my wares,
few stay to look at them and none linger long :—
The money in their pockets they are keeping for the
fairs,
nothing they have to give for my poor song.

Here by the laneside I sit, for I am tired
of the crowded coach-road and its passers-by,
from morn to night the people, but never one who
desired
to look or have speech with such as I.

Here from the hillside I can look across the bay,
watch wave after wave come swelling from the west,
see the mile-long breakers wake white and shining
through the day,
hear them in the night when all else has rest.

Content at my journey's end I sit here alone,
my eyes on the ships as they pass on the sea.
It is with them my heart goes, for with them my friend
has gone,
while here I rest till the call comes for me.

H. CHARLEWOOD TURNER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NAPOLEON AND THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

King's College, W.C.

28 September, 1907.

SIR,—I venture to call your attention to a slight slip in the review of this work in your last week's issue. The lines "Baby, baby, he's a giant" &c. refer not to Bonaparte but to Wellington. The first instance of their occurrence known to me is in the delightful children's book "The Christmas Box", edited by T. Crofton Croker and published in 1828. In a little article there entitled "The French Nurse" one of the contributors relates how he heard an old woman in a cottage near Rouen quieting a baby by singing a song of which he gives the following translation:

"Baby, baby, naughty baby,
Hush, you squalling thing, I say;
Peace this instant; peace, or, may be,
Wellington will pass this way.

Baby, baby, he's a giant,
Tall and black as Rouen steeple;
Breakfasts, dines, and sups (rely on't)
Every day on naughty people.

Baby, baby, if he hear you,
As he gallops by the house,
Limb from limb at once he'll tear you,
Just as pussy tears a mouse.

And he'll beat you, beat you, beat you,
And he'll beat you all to pap;

And he'll eat you, eat you, eat you,
Gobble you, gobble you—snap, snap, snap."

No doubt English mothers and nurses learnt this song from the "Christmas Box", and indeed I remember my own mother singing it to me when I was a child; but it was Wellington not Bonaparte who was to devour me if I was naughty.

H. J. WHITE.

INSPECTOR OF REMOUNTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30 September, 1907.

SIR,—Your correspondent "E. P. L." is undefeated, and his simple faith in the power of theoretical examinations to give a man practical experience in life is touching.

In the case in question we have an officer belonging to a branch of the service, well described by your correspondent as being "supposed to be ignorant of the subject of Horsemastership" (viz., the infantry) who, at the age of thirty-five, was "converted" into a Commissariat and Transport officer.

There is a story of an Army Service Corps officer who professed he saw no difference between his department and the Royal Horse Artillery. He was told of one, at least. Now, according to "E. P. L.", the Army Service Corps man is "on a par with men of the cavalry"!

Is there then to be no limit to the claims of the versatile accomplishments of this wonderful regiment? I admit they performed some remarkable work in South Africa, but so also did the famous Enquiry, by the way. Ever since the recreation of the Army Service Corps it has striven to be "something else". On the other hand, we have the absurd spectacle, for which Sir Redvers Buller's "contrariness" was largely responsible, of making a commission in the Army Service Corps reckon as a Staff College training. This was at the time when the precious D.A.A.G.s (B) were evolved. That this system was the laughing-stock of foreign armies, and that in many cases it hopelessly broke down and led to all sorts of absurdities and anomalies in war, is notorious.

The same with the lower ranks; it was a common joke at Aldershot that the reason why "no transport

was available" when wanted was because the N.C.O.s were all occupied in practising tent-pegging for the ensuing Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall!

"E. P. L.", in trotting out the War Office as best qualified to judge of the correctness and wisdom of this last A.S.C. job or "contract", is really conceding the point you, Sir, made in your original note on the subject, viz. that the Army is in danger of being "run" by the Army Service Corps. For the Army Council, that "collection of obscure generals" as you once happily described it, merely registers the wishes of the Secretary of State, who in his turn has as his secretary and adviser "Moses II.", who proceeded from the Army Service Corps.

Surely the chain is complete?

Yours &c.,

GARRY.

THE NATIONAL CHURCH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 October, 1907.

SIR,—One is "constantly being brought up short by the current ignorance existing as regards what is meant by the 'National Church'". I wish now for enlightenment on the subject, being one of the "current ignorant"—and fresh from the reading of the account given to-day by the "Morning Post" of the Church of England Congress at Great Yarmouth. The writer of the article remarks: "The National Church as it exists to-day is the Church which throughout all the changes and chances of civil strife is the Church of the British and English peoples". What is the National Church in England thus referred to? If the Church established by the State in England is here intended, certainly the "English peoples" of Canada or Scotland, par exemple, would deny the statement that they adhered either to its doctrines or its practices. By referring to his "Whitaker" the writer of the article in question would be able to note that in England itself there are more practising members of varied "religious denominations" without than within "the Church of England"—in fact as a body the Roman Catholics number far more of the English-speaking "peoples" than any other one Church or denomination. Therefore what does the "Morning Post" article writer mean by "the National Church" as described by him in his panegyric of the "Church Congress"? Side by side with the article one is further bewildered by reading among the notices of the day that "The Bishop of Liverpool was present yesterday at the opening in Liverpool of the autumn assembly of the Baptist Union"—a part of "the National Church" perhaps?

I am, yours faithfully,

RUTH EGBERTON.

BOOKS, GOOD AND ILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Aspley Guise, Beds, 30 September.

SIR,—Will you give me leave, at this opportune moment, when the publishers are especially active in supplying the mental pabulum of the reading public, through the appropriate medium of the SATURDAY REVIEW to put a question of some significance to the modern Sosii?

The question simply is this: Why (amid such a cataclysm of literary or publishing enterprise—it is, by the way, the only adequate term—as in these latter days overwhelms the much-enduring subscribers to the circulating libraries) why, I wish to ask, cannot they, or why will not they, cater a little better and a little oftener for the lovers of the genuine "article"? Why e.g. in fiction are such readers to be so constantly put off with the inferior article—with third or fourth rate literary manufactures—and why (and this is the question which I desire now especially to put with emphasis) will they per-versely bring out, season after season, edition after edition of what must candidly be styled mere charta peritura and mere material for the market, ad nauseam, to the almost entire neglect of the real thing? For

example—to name but one or two of the masterpieces of modern fiction—why is it all but impossible to meet with worthy editions (worthy i.e. as to printing, illustrations, and paper) of such admirable books as Mrs. Gaskell's "Sylvia's Lovers" or Buchanan's "Shadow of the Sword" or Mrs. Stowe's "Dred"?

I do not know what may be the experience of other admirers of these chefs-d'œuvre, but for my part I vainly inquire for any good library edition of any one of them. Yet, in regard to "Sylvia's Lovers" e.g., all the other novels of Mrs. Gaskell are constantly being advertised, and brought out in more or less attractive form, although far from equal, whether in subject-matter or in style, to the neglected masterpiece.

HOWARD WILLIAMS.

TAKING LIFE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

53 Chancery Lane, W.C.

SIR,—In your issue of 21 September you remark that the humanitarian argument in favour of vegetarianism "is obviously very weak", and the reason you give for this strange assertion is that killing and eating cabbages and eggs is "taking life". But what humanitarians and vegetarians condemn is not "taking life", but taking life needlessly; and if it be possible to live healthily on a bloodless diet there is the very strongest obligation, on humane grounds, to do so, for, as even the "British Medical Journal" has admitted, "there is not a shadow of doubt that the use of animals for food involves a vast amount of pain". According to your reasoning, it is not worth while to get rid of this pain, because you see no moral distinction between boiling an egg and butchering an ox. If you really mean this, what humanitarian argument can you find against cannibalism, or indeed against any barbarity? To ignore the fact that all life is not equally sentient, and therefore not equally sacred, is to miss the very basis of morals.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY S. SALT.

[We are not in favour of cannibalism: nor do we "ignore the fact that all life is not equally sentient". But, really, Mr. Salt is too solemn.—Ed. S.R.]

INSURANCE: TWENTY YEARS' CHANGES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dublin, 2 October, 1907.

SIR,—Referring to the article in your issue of 14th ult. there seems a vast difference between the views of Mr. Warner as to the "reprehensible practice of paying commission to private policyholders" and the business methods actually employed by the office with which he is connected. A circular recently issued from the Dublin branch of the Law Union and Crown Insurance Company shows that a discount of 5 per cent. is offered to all private insurers who happen to be members of Irish golf clubs. Surely this is inconsistent with Mr. Warner's "outspoken condemnation of rebating"?

Yours truly,

TWENTY YEARS BRANCH SECRETARY.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN CONVENTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

October 1, 1907.

SIR,—In the two articles which you publish this week on the Anglo-Russian Convention you approve of the arrangement in general and criticise it in particular. Whether Great Britain has got the better of the deal or not I cannot pretend to say, but in justice to Russia—and consequently in fairness to Sir Edward Grey—it should be said that when Russia has entered into a definite agreement she has hitherto adhered strictly to its terms. The Afghan frontier is a good case in point. Russia, it seems to me, is loyal to that to which she puts her signature: she does not consider herself bound by anything she is supposed to have said. Hence perhaps the Convention is better than it seems.

Yours, &c.,

OBSERVER.

REVIEWS.

PHILOSOPHY OR BLUFF?

"Studies in Humanism." By F. C. S. Schiller. London: Macmillan. 1907. 10s. not.

THE twentieth century seems determined to construct its own philosophy as well as its own religion and theology. Nor need we blame it. For one age is as well entitled to formulate its convictions on the eternal problems of existence as another. But old fogies, who have grown grey in the received traditions, may perhaps be startled at some of the developments of what calls itself "the new philosophy". This is a proud title, as it recalls our minds to "the great instauration" of Francis Bacon. It was not until we read Dr. Schiller's pages that we understood what a titanic contest was being waged around us in the world of philosophy. Against the old dynasty of Intellectualism is now arrayed the young and giant force of Pragmatism. Earth has upheaved her sons against the heavens. In many quarters, we are told, "the new ideas have simultaneously broken through the hard crust of academic convention". "The conflict of opinion now raging in the philosophic world as to the nature of the conception of 'truth' is only part of a conflict which extends over the whole field of philosophy. . . . But the clash of these two great antithetical attitudes towards life is certainly more dramatic at some points than at others". The number of "critical points" however "at which burning questions have arisen or may arise" is so great as to furnish us with an exciting prospect of a "campaign for a thorough-going voluntarism that unsparingly impugns the intellectualist tradition". Hitherto this philosophic strife has been principally conducted in the pages of our respected, but somewhat stiff, contemporary "Mind", which seems to show that there may be war in heaven without its sensibly affecting the people on earth.

Perhaps Dr. Schiller is not really so young as his style might lead us to infer, for philosophers, like gods, may have a crude and viridescent old age: but the following passage is certainly suggestive of the school-boy: "The logician who declares *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*, who declines to look for what he wants but does not see, who does not seek to penetrate beyond the veil of appearances, is, frankly, an ass". Sometimes his brilliance betrays him into a marvellous confusion of metaphors, as when he tells us that "this attempt of absolutism to array itself in the serviceable sheepskin of an honest realism will be seen to be cankered in the bud". Nowhere however is the juvenile ebullience of the author more conspicuous than in this passage in the preface:

"But what was the Transcendental boldness of Kant, as described by Heine, when armed only with the 'Pure Reason', and attended only by his 'faithful Lampe' and an umbrella, he 'stormed Heaven and put the whole garrison to the sword', to the Transatlantic audacity of a philosophy which is seriously suspected of penetrating into the 'supercelestial' heavens of the Pure Reason, and of there upsetting the centre of gravity of the Intelligible Universe, of dethroning the 'Higher Synthesis of the Devil and the Deity', the Absolute, and of instituting a general 'Götzendämmerung' of the Eternal Ideas?" "Transatlantic audacity" is a euphuism for "Yankee bounce", a quality which, we must agree with our author, does mark the philosophy which he has imported from America.

Not only is Dr. Schiller, as we infer, young himself, but he is also writing for the young. "Novelty as such", he tells us in speaking of Myers' "Human Personality", "must always make its appeal to the more plastic minds of the young who have not yet aged into great authorities". More exigent even than Dr. Osler, he seems to consider that the brain is ossified at thirty. "Concerning any considerable novelty of thought the prediction may be made that hardly anyone above thirty will be psychologically capable of adopting it, unless he had previously been looking for just such a

solution". Being thus philosophically superannuated ourselves—for we confess to having turned thirty—we are fain to stand outside and to gather what we may as to the nature of these mysteries into which only the young are to be initiated. As we are assured that in another twenty years pragmatic convictions will be practically universal, it becomes a matter of some importance to ascertain what these convictions are.

It seems then that there are three grades of initiation into these mysteries—first you become a Pragmatist, then a Humanist, while, if you persevere to the end, you will turn out a Voluntarist. Such are the perilous paths to which our hierophant invites his "pupils past, present, and to come". What then is Pragmatism? Pragmatism, it seems, was born some thirty years ago, when a certain Mr. C. S. Peirce of the U.S.A. enunciated the principle that "when an assertion claims truth, its consequences are always used to test its claim". "This", says our author, "is the famous 'Principle of Peirce', which ought to be regarded as the greatest truism, if it had not pleased Intellectualism to take it as the greatest paradox". But he has himself in the meantime put a gloss upon it as follows: "In other words, what follows from its truth for any human interest, and more particularly and in the first place, for the interest with which it is directly concerned, is what established its real truth and validity". As thus interpreted the principle ceases to be a truism, and ceases also to be true, unless the real truth and validity of an assertion means simply our acceptance of it. But this is just what Dr. Schiller does mean, for he says that truths "come into being by winning our acceptance". Here we feel bound at once to join issue with him. Let us take a concrete case. It is asserted by the authorities of the nursery that all babies, when born, have blue eyes. This is what Dr. Schiller calls a "claim to truth". The truth itself may be said to depend on its consequences, if the consequences are that this, that, and the other baby have, when born, blue eyes. If the assertion thus stands the test of experience, it is recognised as true, but it is not made true; it was all along either true or false, and we merely discover which. When Dr. Schiller therefore says that Pragmatism "essays to trace out the actual 'making of truth'" he is courting misunderstanding, if he thereby means only "the actual ways in which discriminations between the true and the false are effected". But that he wishes us to understand a great deal more than this is plain on every page. For instance, he puts down the natural inquiry, "What were these truths before they were discovered?" as essentially analogous to the child's question, "Mother, what becomes of yesterday?" Before they were discovered truths must have been as they are afterwards, else they could not have been discovered. It is not with them as with the roads of the Highlands, whereof the poet sang:

"Had you but seen these roads before they were made,
You'd have held up your hands and blessed General
Wade!"

Of course, if we admit Dr. Schiller's contention that "true" means "valued by us", it follows that a truth is not true until it has been accepted. But this, we submit, is not the meaning of the term. A proposition may be true, even though nobody accepts it, and false, though all should do so. With every desire to understand Dr. Schiller, we find his pronouncements on truth sadly bewildering. On one page he tells us that "in a sense" the predications of "true" and "false" are, like those of sweet, red, loud, hard, &c., ultimate facts which need be analysed no further. On the next page he denounces the proposition "truth is indefinable" as "the desperate refuge of a bankrupt or indolent theory". Presently he defines truth as "logical value". With this definition no one need quarrel who holds that truth is the end of logic, but it is plainly not ultimate, and would admit of different interpretations. Under this proviso we may let pass as harmless the first definition given of Pragmatism, namely, that it is "the doctrine that truths are logical values". But when this is interpreted to mean that "the truth of an assertion depends upon its verification", we must again refuse to identify the truth of an

assertion with our acceptance of it. And in so doing we believe that the common-sense of mankind will bear us out. Equally shocking to ordinary notions is the doctrine that "the true is useful", when meant to be taken universally. Dr. Schiller, we notice, refrains from the simple conversion of this proposition. His reason for this hesitation is so remarkable that we must give it in his own words: "The question was whether when Protagoras had asserted that the true was useful he had also to admit that the useful was true, and so either that any lie which was convenient for a passing purpose was absolutely true, or that truth was unmeaning. And so the end was that Protagoras, after pointing out that if he admitted that the useful was always true he would have to admit what he had always denied, viz. that there was useless knowledge, had to give Sophomorus a lesson in elementary logic". We should greatly like to have been present at this exposition of Pragmatist logic by Protagoras, for from "Whatever is useful is true" it certainly does not follow on received principles that "Some truths are useless". But doubtless Pragmatism has many logical surprises in store for us.

When the neophyte has imbibed Pragmatism sufficiently, he is promoted to Humanism, which is the "spirit" of Pragmatism. Humanism is a seductive name, and we are ready to sympathise with the thing as described—"it is merely the perception that the philosophic problem concerns human beings striving to comprehend a world of human experience by the resources of human minds". Further any suspicions that we might entertain are allayed by our being told that "Humanism has no quarrel with the assumptions of common-sense realism; it does not deny what is popularly described as the 'external' world". Its only quarrel, it would seem, is with "Academic personages", of whom Dr. Schiller surely is one. Is he praising himself when he says "It needs a certain magnanimity, in short, in a professor to avow himself a Humanist"? Or does he think that there is a distinction in kind between a person who has the title and a person who performs the functions of a professor?

From the serener height now attained by the initiate, Pragmatism will seem a special application of Humanism to the theory of knowledge, whereas Humanism itself will seem "applicable universally to ethics, to aesthetics, to metaphysics, to theology, to every concern of man, as well as to the theory of knowledge".

And what then of the third step, Voluntarism? Very little is said about it in this volume, except that it is the natural metaphysic of Pragmatism. We are therefore unable to divulge this mystery.

But the young man under thirty who has once entered the thinking-shop of Dr. Schiller through the low door of Pragmatism will emerge with many strange and upsetting beliefs. He will pooh-pooh Socrates and Plato, and exalt Protagoras as the only true philosopher. He will deny the One and assert the Many; his talk will be of Pluralism and Polytheism. The Being of the Eleatics will for him be swept away in the Heraclitean flux; he will boldly apply the doctrine of Evolution to the very core of things, and will maintain that "the world-process is real and is still proceeding", that there is a real contingency in events, that appearances are the only realities, and that the one thing abiding is Change. In fact (but this is in confidence) he will look up what Mr. Bradley has said in his "Appearance and Reality", and will say the exact opposite.

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME.

"Woman in Transition." By Annette M. B. Meakin.
London: Methuen. 6s.

THE woman question is as old as any of the problems that have in all ages tormented people who allow themselves to be worried by the injustices of the world. The Renaissance period was an important epoch in the history of feminism. But the regnancy of women was merely as consorts, and their power manifested through men, very much as in the eighteenth

century women ruled France in the salons—but indirectly. Castiglione said in his "Courtier": "Without women nothing is possible: military courage, nor art, nor poetry, nor music, nor philosophy, nor even religion. God is only truly seen through them." As women owe their physical fecundation to men, so do men owe their moral and æsthetic inspiration to women, and truly the feminine function seems to be the higher. But nowadays women are no longer satisfied with the indirect influence of sixteenth-century Platonism. The increasing female surplus population necessitates female independent action, and many economic causes combine to make women reasonably discontented. The progress of modern invention has deprived them of many of their domestic occupations, and the prevalent restlessness of the age, inseparable from increasing nervous and mental activity, is naturally manifested in a sex which was from the first, according to tradition, curious of knowledge good and evil.

Miss Meakin's book covers a good deal of ground, but is disappointing and unsatisfactory in many respects. We do not know what degree of scientific training is implied in the fact that she is a Fellow of the Anthropological Institute, but it sounds impressive, and we are therefore surprised at the wandering, vague way in which she has arranged her subject-matter. The titles of the chapters sound promising, but their contents might just as well figure under one heading as another. She has a pleasant, fluent journalistic style which she has taken no especial pains to polish, being more concerned with what she has to say than the way of saying it. And a great deal of what she says is not worth the saying, because it is so vague and inconclusive. We cannot gather whether she approves or disapproves of easy divorce, religious influence, the limitation of families, and celibacy. But out of the chaos of statements and ideas we believe we have seized her two main objectives—the co-education of the sexes and the training of every woman to some trade or profession.

We believe that what education does for men it will also do for women, and that we have no right to make discouraging assertions as to the limits of woman's receptivity or her powers of development. It is a matter of common knowledge that in all ages and in all countries women have been fine Latinists, accurate scientists, advanced mathematicians. The difference in the modern attitude towards education is that it looks on learning less as an accomplishment and ornament of the few than as the necessary training of the many; the problem of female education is included in the question of the education of the multitude, the universal demand for learning is a sign of the gradual feminisation of the race, which Havelock Ellis says is the characteristic of advancing civilisation. Methods of conveyance instead of walking, diplomacy instead of fighting, comfortable surroundings are feminine resources which have replaced primitive manly and savage habits. Woman "bears the special characteristics of humanity in a higher degree than man". She is physically further removed from the ape-type to which man in later life has a tendency to revert. But the question still remains, Is she not by her very nature precluded from expressing the highest intellectual possibilities of human nature? The results in woman of a more general and thorough education can hardly yet be observed; the widening and enlightening effect on female posterity may, according to Spencer's theory of sex heredity, justify the most hopeful anticipations. But education can never do for women what it has never yet done for man, and that is inspire genius—make a great poet, musician, or artist. Miss Meakin is illogical when she throws back the reproach that there has never been a female Burns or Beethoven, with the cry "What chance has an uneducated, inexperienced girl of becoming a Burns?" What did the Brontës owe to experience or education in the ordinary senses of the words? And surely of all forms of literature the novel demands experience and knowledge of life. And yet it is only in fiction that women have attained pre-eminence. If they were capable of being great poets or musicians, unfavourable circumstances could not have stifled their endeavours. Man is capable of extreme deficiency and of extreme development, he is more variational than woman, more likely to be abnormal

in the direction of genius or of idiocy. Woman is more sane, temperate and ordinary for the reason that her development is arrested at an earlier age, and that her powers remain latent for the purposes of reproduction. Her genius is as it were fluent, unexpressed but transmitted to her offspring. Because women with very few exceptions are not poets, or musicians, or artists of genius, there is however no reason that they should be prevented from developing and exercising their very remarkable powers of organisation and government. It is not because he belongs to the same sex as Shelley that the ordinary man is convinced of his superiority. He is rather inclined to despise artistic supremacy. What he really thinks admirable is business capacity, professional acumen, and physical strength, in fact those practical and utilitarian qualities in which women are by no means deficient, and which education and training can develop to a greater extent than most men are willing to acknowledge. It is true that at present only women of exceptional physique can practise week in and week out with undiminished efficiency in such professions as the law, or medicine, or engineering. The average woman's health is liable to inevitable variations. It remains to be seen how far improved physical and mental training and the habit of work will approximate the business woman to the business man.

Miss Meakin's book would have been more useful if, instead of vague general statements, she had given us precise details of those female engineers and pilots and sea-captains and architects whom she includes in a long list of workers, without specifying in what countries they work, under what conditions, and with what chances of success. It is a small matter, but a slight suspicion of her invariable accuracy is roused in us by a reference to Canterbury mutton which shows that she believes it to be English meat. However, the Fellow of an Anthropological Institute can hardly be expected to descend to such details of housekeeping.

THE PENITENT OPPRESSOR.

"A Consideration of the State of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century." By G. Locker-Lampson. London: Constable. 1907. 18s. net.

THE British public in one of its periodical fits of virtue, derided by Macaulay, is nothing to one of its individual members in an agony of repentance. Mr. Locker-Lampson is determined that one Englishman at least shall loudly confess his people's sins towards Ireland. It takes him nearly seven hundred pages to do so, and he attempts to cover only one of the seven centuries during which the Kings of England have been nominal rulers of Ireland.

It is difficult to know exactly how to take his book. It is marked by enormous industry, and the hundred and fifty or so pages of appendices, consisting of quotations from the works of wiser men, will be very useful. But we should imagine that Mr. Locker-Lampson had never set foot in Ireland. If he has, he unconsciously furnishes a strong corroboration of his argument that Englishmen cannot understand the sister island. He is obsessed with the Keltic theory, and draws a deliciously crude portrait of the typical Irishman—humorous, unstable, emotional, and all the rest of it. The portrait is not in the least like the reality, and many of the touches in it are anything but Keltic. Its author should ponder two elementary facts: first, that what he would take to be the genuine Irish (the Anglo-Irish being excluded) have much more fun and wit but far less humour than the English; secondly, that while the consistent and stable English wobble en masse at every general election, the fickle Irishman's political creeds (on whichever side he stand) are as a rule not only lifelong but hereditary. If Mr. Locker-Lampson would read Nationalist newspapers steadily for a year (he knows enough Irish history to do this critically, and makes so many mistakes as to deserve a pretty severe penance) he would hasten to cancel much of his book. For he would learn that, while during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Irish discontent was caused by intolerable grievances

deeply affecting most individuals, it does not follow that the leaders of Irish agitation in the nineteenth were always driven by the consciousness of practical injustice. Our author imagines that agitation implies misgovernment. But the sentiment of nationality—in Italy or Poland or the Transvaal or India or Ireland—is quite indifferent to the comparative goodness or badness of a rule which it considers alien. Parnell could never have been made a Unionist by legislative or administrative reforms. The secret of the agitator's success in Ireland is that the people have long memories of old grievances, that the actual method of government is faulty and imperfect (just as it is in England and Scotland and Wales), and that the practical flaws incidental to any system which the mind of man has evolved are a constant stimulus to the separatist sentiment, because they are ascribed not to the necessary imperfection of all government but to the supposed viciousness of "foreign rule". An Irish Nationalist who goes to live in France or Germany generally modifies his political views. It is true that if he goes to live in England only he often becomes more bitter, but that is because he idealises the Ireland that he has left, he learns with surprise how badly the English govern themselves, and he becomes furious at the thought that people so stupid as to allow extreme poverty and vice and crime to flourish in their own country should attempt to rule others.

When Mr. Locker-Lampson has outlived his tendency to apostrophise in the Carlyle manner, and has learned that it is unnecessary for a budding author to make judicial pronouncements on the character and personality of every great man whom he mentions, he may be mature enough to digest the truths which we have tried to express.

All the Acts of Parliament are in his book (except that the vitally important Local Government Act of 1898 is relegated to an appendix), and the statistics are there, and the comparative figures of outrages, and most other things that the chronicler should mention. But there is little sense of proportion, and the main features of the narrative do not stand out. The Great Famine sharply divides the old Ireland from the new. It is really a more notable landmark than the Act of Union, and this our author does not seem to realise. The disestablishment of the Protestant Church, on the other hand, important event as it was, affected the Roman Catholic peasantry not at all, and did not in the least modify their views or redress any of their practical grievances. Although conditions are changing greatly under our eyes, Ireland is mainly a nation of aristocrats and peasants. But—and this elementary fact is quite unknown to most politicians—the one articulate class in Ireland is that middle class which is generally believed not to exist. This middle class—farmers, shopkeepers, small professional men—supplies about ninety per cent. of the Irish members of Parliament. They are of much the same standing as the average French député, and, like him, they hate the aristocracy and endeavour to identify themselves with "the people" in public, while very keen in private life on their social superiority to the real peasants. Unlike the French députés, however, they are in very close touch with the Roman Catholic priests, who are their own brothers and cousins. Mr. Gladstone never began to understand all this, and we can hardly expect Mr. Locker-Lampson to know better.

But if he found it necessary to write a great deal about the eighteenth century in a book devoted to the nineteenth, he ought to have done so more carefully. We pass over mistakes that may be misprints and absurdities like mistaking of the "United Irish League" in 1794, but he has no business to make slips that an intelligent study of his own excellent appendices would have rectified. For instance, he confuses Dr. Stone, Archbishop of Armagh, with Lord Bristol, Bishop of Derry a generation later! He has never grasped the fact that the Roman Catholic gentry of Ireland are predominantly Unionist in politics, or that landlords of that faith have had quite as much trouble with their tenants as Protestant landlords; and so he blunders along the beaten path, ascribing to sectarian differences not only their own consequences but the fruits of purely racial, political, or social causes. He does not

attempt to understand the position of the priesthood in current life, though well posted as to its political action in the past. To the consideration of the Church of Ireland in the nineteenth century he brings that peculiarly offensive temper characteristic of so many English writers, reminding one of nothing so much as of the snobbery of the well-to-do towards a poor relation. He ignores the fact that disestablishment, whatever its merits, was a deliberate breach of the Act of Union, and appeared to all but lawyers to entail a violation of the Sovereign's Coronation Oath. He is unconscious of the remarkable resuscitation of spiritual activity in that Church. As for the landlords, after accepting every sweeping statement to their discredit made by the other side up to 1881, he suddenly opens his eyes and points out the injustice of the rent-fixing system introduced in that year in its actual administration. He seems to think that what Sir Charles Russell said (admittedly on hearsay) in his speech before the Parnell Commission is evidence. His bias is so foolish that he affects to believe that the Orangemen in 1883 were planning "an elaborate massacre of Roman Catholics".

The fact is that Mr. Locker-Lampson has not taken time to digest the mass of information which he has acquired. It is generally possible to guess the source of every comment; thus he writes of the agrarian movement of the 'eighties in the spirit of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, but of the faults of the Land Commissioners with the judiciousness of the Fry Commission Report. After taking a view of Anglo-Irish history which, if really sound, would make it the sacred duty of every self-respecting Irishman to be a Separatist, he solemnly declares that even the grant of Home Rule is out of the question, and suggests that Irish discontent might be healed by the construction of a Channel Tunnel!

It is a pity that so much labour should have been marred by such want of judgment. The author is more hopeless when he attempts literary criticism than when he befogs himself in attempts at constructive political thought. Ignoring everything that is undeniably fine in the prose and poetry of Thomas Davis, he solemnly pronounces that two utterly feeble and commonplace sets of verses by him "are not without a certain merit".

The history of nineteenth-century Ireland remains to be written. Its historian will know the people as well as the Blue-books, will discriminate between original authorities, will not write of great men in the spirit of a conceited schoolboy. He will not, like Mr. Locker-Lampson, smother his narrative with unimportant detail whenever he has the opportunity of using books by earlier writers who set out simply to give an exact and detailed chronicle of matters like the history of education, and he will not ignore all those aspects of Irish life which have not been exploited by politicians in the House or on the platform. He will realise that the story lends itself to clear divisions, and will group his minor issues round the really important episodes. His readers will not have occasion to wonder how a story containing so many dramatic events can be extremely dull. And his way of looking at things will not suggest an odd blend of the mind of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt with that of Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Broadbent".

NATIVE RACES OF THE EMPIRE.

"The Natives of British Central Africa." By A. Werner. *British North America. I. "The Far West, the Home of the Salish and Déné."* By C. Hill-Tout. London: Constable. 1907. 6s. net each.

OUR colonial empire is so great and varied that even the educated person who tries to take an interest in its native races finds it hard to get the necessary information. In unnumbered books, Proceedings of scientific societies, missionary records, and in popular magazines, is scattered so vast a mass of information that even should he know where to search, and were the material available, the task would be well-nigh a hopeless one: further it would be impossible in many cases to discriminate between the authoritativeness of diverse writers. It was therefore a happy idea to start a series of handbooks dealing with the native races of the British Empire. The value of the

several books depends partly upon the choice of authors and partly upon their treatment of their several themes. In Miss A. Werner and Mr. C. Hill-Tout were selected thoroughly competent authors respectively for British Central Africa and Western Canada, as each has that personal knowledge of the country which is necessary for vivid treatment. Of the two Miss Werner had the harder task, as some half-dozen tribes are under review, and it is no easy matter to prevent some confusion arising; but as all the tribes are in about the same stage of culture it is of little consequence, and the interest is well sustained owing to the author's bright style.

In most parts of Africa there has been a continual churning of the people; as Dr. Theal says, "There is not a single tribe in South Africa to-day that bears the same title, has the same relative power, and occupies the same ground as its ancestors three hundred years ago". Even during the past fifty years great changes have taken place, especially among the Bantu-speaking peoples; the absence of dense forests and of geographical barriers in Eastern Central Africa has not a little contributed to this fluidity of people. The shifting of the population, whether in mass or as bands of warriors, like the Angoni, which grow by the accretion of new elements as they journey, causes modifications in arts and culture which would be the despair of ethnologists were they not tempered by the cultural inertia of primitive folk. Of the three most important tribes, the Manganya occupied the greater part of the country; they are industrious agricultural people and are skilled in smelting and working iron. The Yao, who, owing to pressure from the north, came from the mountains between the lake and the coast, are powerful men with a lighter complexion than that of other tribes; owing to intercourse with Arabs they have become Mohammedans and have raided the indigenous population for slaves. The original Angoni were Zulus who rebelled against Chaka, crossed the Zambesi in 1825, and invaded the country west of Lake Nyasa; they became very mixed and now form the ruling caste, but they retain many of the old Zulu customs in a modified manner and the northern branch still speak Zulu.

In Western Canada the Coastal range separates the warm, humid, densely-forested coastal area from the interior, elevated plateau, or "dry belt"; eastward lie the Rocky Mountains, and beyond them a dreary plain with innumerable lakes and streams slopes to Hudson Bay and the Arctic Circle. The plain is inhabited by the Déné, or Athapascans as they are usually termed, who live by hunting and gathering berries and roots. West of the Rockies are the Salish; those of the plateau live in a similar manner to the Déné, but have more fish and are consequently better off. The coastal Salish have plenty of food, especially owing to the abundance of fish, foremost among which is the salmon: as a result they have reached considerable prosperity and are lavish in their display of wealth. These Canadian tribes are on the whole peaceful, honest and moral; indeed before the advent of the white man they seem to have possessed most of the virtues except that of bravery. The natural advantages of their location and the ready means of communication by their canoes enabled the coastal Salish to become relatively civilised, as is shown by their social organisation with its rigid castes, their village life, secret societies, and greater skill in decorative art. The plateau Salish are more democratic, less settled, and more individualistic in religious matters. Their traits are intensified among most of the Déné tribes, who are characterised by loose social groupings and more or less nomadic habits; indeed the Northern Déné are among the most "primitive" of all American peoples.

Among both these races it appears that totemism has been prevalent. But this somewhat communistic and impersonal cult ceases to satisfy men when they become more individualist, a process which is hastened when personal property increases and when mother-right is succeeded by father-right. The manner in which totemism has been replaced in the two continents is not without interest. In Africa ancestor cult was the reforming agent. The spirit of every deceased person, except that of a wizard, becomes the

object of religious homage. "Of course, no one can worship all, and the chief of a village worships his immediate predecessor as the representative of all the people who have lived in the village in past times, and the whole line of his ancestors." But all these seem also to be implicated in the person of the mysterious Mulungu, to whom, however, no special worship is offered. Besides, there seems to be the beginning of the personification of nature-powers.

The characteristic feature of North American religion is the belief in what, for want of a better term, can only be described as "mystery"; it is expressed by such local terms as *sulia* in British Columbia, or *manitu*, *wahube* or *orenda*. Primarily an adjective, it has come to be employed as a noun, and spirits are called *manitus* (to take the best-known term) as personifications of this quality. Any individual by training and fasting may obtain a supernatural helper, by whose aid he or she becomes a successful hunter, warrior, craftsman, or seer. This system of obtaining supernatural aid is more developed in the interior than on the coast, where, owing to the more highly organised social life, the *sulia* becomes hereditary in families, and its emblem persists as the family crest. "When a man believed himself under the protection of the spirit of a thing, his first act was to secure this thing, in whole or part, and wear it on his person, or hide it in some secure place where he could resort to it in time of trouble or need. He had still another and even surer way of keeping himself 'in touch' with his guardian spirit, and that was by assuming the mystery name of the object which was his totem. This the spirit revealed to him when it conferred its protection upon him." The moral support due to a belief in this guidance and protection is of great importance to the individual, as it would nerve him in difficulty and danger, and, thus proving a very present help in time of need, it would justify its existence in a most practical manner, and so be of real use in the struggle for existence—a struggle which in man has a psychical as well as a material aspect.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S TRIFLES.

"Tales of Two People." By Anthony Hope. London: Methuen. 1907. 6s.

THIS bundle of short stories appears to us to be unworthy of the reputation of Mr. Anthony Hope, and to suffer by comparison with his earlier works. The novel and the short story differ so essentially and in so many points from each other that, with the notable exceptions of George Eliot and Maupassant, we cannot remember an author who has succeeded in both. The art of a novel lies in expanding and sustaining the interest; that of the short story in compressing your wit, humour, pathos, or incidents: and very few storytellers possess these opposite qualities in the right degree. Except "Helena's Path", which comes first, these stories are so short as to be trifling. The humour of the struggle for a right of way between an eccentric peer and a beautiful widow, which is described in "Helena's Path", is to our taste forced, and consequently ineffective. In "Mrs. Thistleton's Princess" and "The Necessary Resources" Mr. Hope gives us clever sketches of the middle-class snobness and the City shark; but they are too sketchy. "Miss Gladwin's Chance" is too great a strain upon our knowledge of feminine nature. A rich old man, with an only daughter, dies, just as he is about to marry a penniless beauty, in whose favour he has drafted, but has not executed, a new will. A handsome young squire, short of cash, has flirted with the daughter when she was an heiress, cooled off when the old man was about to marry again, and since his death has been drawn into flirtation with the penniless beauty who was to have been married. The daughter, Miss Gladwin, once more an heiress, grasps the situation, and presents her rival with £100,000, in order that the battle for the male may be a fair one! The squire marries the rival and lives on his former sweetheart's gift. We do not know that woman; and happily we do not know that man.

The best two stories in the book are "The Prince Consort" and "Miss Constantine". In the former we have a truly admirable description of the modest man of genius, writing in the dining-room a magnum opus, and forming one of a crowd of silly worshippers of his wife, who writes trashy novels in the library. The reversal of the positions of husband and wife, which follows upon the publication of the magnum opus, is very amusingly told. The merit of "Miss Constantine" is the appreciation by a Civil Servant, who has brains, of the flashy political fraud, who is pushed by relatives and newspapers into a Secretaryship of State. "It's only a matter of time for that man to come a cropper", says the Civil Servant of his parliamentary chief; "the first big affair he gets to handle, look out! . . . The man is constitutionally incapable of thinking in the right order. It's always the same with him, I don't care whether it's an article about North Africa, or that book of his about primitive man. He always—not occasionally, but always—starts with his conclusions and works backward to the premises. North Africa ought to be that shape—it is! Primitive man ought to have thought that—he did! . . . Now that habit of mind, Wynne, makes a man who has to do with public affairs a dangerous and pernicious fool." Truly this is a master-portrait of the modern statesman. We have said that Mr. Hope misses the right length for a short story, and the other tales are too slight to deserve criticism. "La Mort à la Mode" rashly provokes comparison with the incomparable "L'Abbesse de Jouarre".

NOVELS.

"The Shattered Idol: a Story." By Max Baring. London: Simpkin, Marshall. 1907. 6s.

It needs a strong sense of duty on the part of a reviewer who has looked at the portraits of the four principal characters in this story to compel him to read the novel through. It is but damning with faint praise to say that the novel is better than its portrait-illustrations. Mr. Baring introduces us to Ruth Powers as the daughter of a clergyman who died four months before the story opens. Two months later Ruth writes to her agnostic baronet uncle (we laugh every time we think of his portrait) and says her father died "more than two months ago". Her arithmetic is excellent, six is more than two! She has had to write to the baronet because she cannot get work without a reference. The baronet, who is no agnostic where social conventions are concerned, will not hear of his niece being a governess, and summons her forthwith to Hurstleigh Manor. Meanwhile during her sojourn in the East End Ruth has met two men, both of whom have fallen in love with her: the one, a clerical gentleman, has assisted her with her box on moving into her lodging; the other, a medical gentleman, and the clerical one's uncle, has attended her when she was in hospital during a cholera epidemic. When the baronet dies, or, as Mr. Baring puts it, goes "on his journey—the journey of eternity", Ruth inherits his wealth, and her trustees are—the doctor and the cleric! The doctor goes abroad, having previously signed cheques on account of his trusteeship by wholesale, and the cleric uses those cheques for the beautifying of his church! It is a fairly entertaining tale of a somewhat sensational and not convincingly real character.

"The Shadow of the Unseen." By Barry Pain and James Blyth. London: Chapman and Hall. 6s.

The collaboration of James Blyth and Barry Pain is a curious association of two very dissimilar talents, but the result is less perplexing than such combined efforts usually are, for the share of each is so distinct—James Blyth supplies the East Anglian setting and the store of quaint dialect, awesome superstition and peasant tradition, while Barry Pain contributes amusing social observation, gently humorous description, and one or two character outlines of more or less aristocratic people, which Mr. Blyth would be less successful in delineating. But it is impossible to congratulate either of the authors on the plot, which is not a good

specimen of the mysterious and occult kind of story. Mr. Blyth contributes an East Anglian witch of fearsome power, in league with the "Black Man of the Marsh" or evil one, and a diabolic goat-familiar called "Bel"; Mr. Barry Pain, not to be outdone, throws in some spirit-drawing, a planchette, and a mysterious cup of Eastern origin which does nothing in particular. The result is not in the least exciting, and the impression left on us is that the two authors wrote "The Shadow of the Unseen" and designed its alarming cover as a little joke which pleasantly amused their summer holiday, and which may also amuse the unexact and voracious novel-reader.

"Copper under the Gold." By E. F. Almaz. London: Chatto and Windus. 1907. 6s.

We are getting tired of the stories of unhappy marriages, and such seem to be a feature of the present season's publishing. The subject may be dealt with in a skilful manner—as by Mr. Charles Marriott in "The Wondrous Wife"—but it is more often presented in a crude fashion. Mr. (or Miss) Almaz tells us of a couple who agreed to separate; the wife went abroad to travel and the husband took up his "bachelor" life again. Of course he meets a lovely girl with whom he falls in love and who falls in love with him. They cannot marry, but they refuse to be balked of their love, and make an arrangement by which they shall seem to conform to social usage while indulging their mutual passion. Then comes a time of storm and stress, and the behaviour of the man leads to their separation, which bids fair to be permanent, when his wife returns in tragic circumstances and his mistress marries someone else. These, however, are but trifles—all comes "right" in the end. The moral seems to be, carry on as you like, death will remove all obstructions, and your duplicity in due time receive the rewards of virtue.

"Outrageous Fortune." By Bak. London: Heinemann. 1907. 4s.

The author who hides her identity under the pseudonym "Bak" has considerable gifts as a storyteller. Out of the slenderest materials she has constructed a pleasant and interesting story. It is well written and the situations and dialogue are deftly handled. A young widow who during her husband's lifetime has been extremely rich is left very badly off. She does not relish the position, and a great part of the story is taken up with a description of her futile attempts to make both ends meet. She falls in love with a man who is even poorer than herself, and she loses her lover by accepting money from a man who loves her but whom she does not love. It is a remarkable tribute to the skill of the author that her narration of events, trite and commonplace in themselves, commands the reader's interest throughout. Unfortunately her views of life are vitiated by a sentiment of snobbishness which pervades the book, and the obtrusion of which frequently prevents one sympathising whole-heartedly with the suffering heroine.

"Vaiti of the Islands." By Beatrice Grimshaw. London: Nash. 1907. 6s.

This is a capital book in every respect—excellent merely as a well-told story and excellent in the vivid glimpse it gives of the childlike islanders. Vaiti is a delightful character. The daughter of a Polynesian princess and a white sea captain, who is generally drunk, she frequently acts as skipper of the yacht. Her adventures in search of pearls with European and native rivals are told with spirit and humour. The author has caught the accent of the islander and faithfully illustrated his point of view.

"The Mystery of the Unicorn." By Sir William Magnay. London: Ward, Lock. 6s.

Mystery and deception, amateur detective work, a forced marriage, and a slight love-story are the conventional ingredients of this fairly ingenious specimen of the sensational tale. Lilian Adare seems absurdly weak-minded for a modern heroine, but the exigencies of the story demanded that she should behave in the

old-fashioned conventional, obedient way, and she is in keeping with the general tone of the story, which is constructed on familiar lines, and displays no particular superiority of invention.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Sonnets to Duse, and other Poems." By Sara Teasdale. Boston: The Poet Lore Company. 1907.

In this little American book there is poetry, a voice singing to itself and to a great woman, a woman's homage to Eleonora Duse. The sonnets to Madame Duse are hardly the best part of the book, for they speak and the lyrics sing; but they speak with a reverence which is filled with both tenderness and just admiration.

"O beauty that is filled so full of tears",
she praises and rejoices over, knowing:

"Your mouth's mute weariness is not despair.
Perhaps among us craven earth-born things
God loves its silence better than a prayer."

After the sonnets to Duse come some more sonnets and a little cluster of songs. There is "Dead Love", which ends:

"I cannot weep, I cannot pray,
My heart has very silent grown,
I only watch how God gives love,
And then leaves lovers all alone."

Another aspect of love shows us the lover asking, in a kind of joyous despair:

"What shall I give you, my lord, my lover?
The gift that breaks the heart in me:
I bid you awake at dawn and discover
I have gone my way and left you free."

A lover not loved, or known too late, is warned:

"My heart is but a little house
With room for only three or four,
And it was filled before you knocked
Upon the door."

There are little songs for children, or about them, as lovely as these, and with a quaint humour of their own. The book is a small, delightful thing, which one is not tempted to say much about, but to welcome.

"Salmon Fishing." By J. J. Hardy. London: "Country Life." 6s.
"How to Fish." By W. Earl Hodgson. London: A. and C. Black. 1907. 3s. 6d.

The title of these two books should be changed. Mr. Hardy is strictly didactic, giving precise lessons in the art of making flies and in casting; Mr. Hodgson, who deals wholly with trout, discusses a host of questions that are very loosely connected with the art, and does not deal in detail with the tying of flies. Both books are meant for the beginner. It is a mere question how far a man may consider himself an expert if he is quite ignorant of the making of the lure. Mr. Hardy's name has been so closely connected with this part of the game for a long time that he naturally lays stress on it. His advice is as authentic as could be wished, and there is often a quality of knowledge about the man who has, so to speak, hammered his own tools that cannot be artificially acquired. Such knowledge is apparent in all this very businesslike book, whether it deals with tackle or with the way to use it. The pictures, which are many and excellent, are quite as didactic as the text. It concludes with a list, alphabetically arranged, of his dressing of 345 salmon flies. Mr. Hodgson is practical, but his fault is excess of theory nevertheless. To give one example, the idea that you can put down on paper a list of flies best used at particular weeks or days of the calendar is frankly ridiculous, and to hope to attain precision by striking an average between north and south means that the catalogue is wrong everywhere. Nor do we agree with him that so vast a number of flies is necessary. Almost everything in the book strikes us as over-theorised. The result is excessive length, which is increased by one or two chapters that are superfluous if the book is to be instructive and only mildly interesting as general reading. An exception may be made in favour of the chapter on the weather as affecting the hatching of fly. However a beginner will find the ground well covered. The book will teach him what to do, and testing Mr. Hodgson's theories should stimulate the powers of observation.

"Lavengro", "The Bible in Spain", "The Gypsies of Spain", "Romano Lavo Lil", "The Romany Rye", "Wild Wales". By George Borrow. London: Murray. 1907. 6 vols. 2s. 6d. net each.

Borrow's works or some of them have been issued in various cheap forms, but this edition, carefully collated with the original

text, with glossaries and notes by Professor Knapp and others, and illustrated with the delightful photogravure portrait of Borrow from a picture in the publisher's possession, and various sketches by Percy Kitton, Percy Wadham and others, is far and away the best at the command of the slender purse. The demand for Borrow would seem to be on the increase. Between 1851 and 1900, when the definitive edition was published, Mr. Murray issued six editions of "Lavengro" and "Romany Rye": in the last seven years he has reprinted the first book six times, and the second five times. Of "The Bible in Spain" down to 1896 eighteen editions had appeared and there have been six since.

"Africa." Vol. I. North Africa. By A. H. Keane. London: Stanford. Second Edition. 1907. 15s.

It is twelve years since this volume appeared originally in Mr. Stanford's Compendium of Geography and Travel, now being re-issued. In the interval the African continent has undergone so many changes in every direction, from Morocco to Abyssinia, from Nigeria to the Sudan, that the task of revision must have involved the re-writing of large sections of the work. With the exception of Abyssinia, Liberia and the Saharan nomads, the Tuaregs and Tubbus, every part of the continent has, as Mr. Keane says, become a dependency more or less complete of one or other of the European Powers. Mr. Keane has, so far as we have been able to check it, done the work of revision concisely and thoroughly, and the volume is well supplied with maps.

"One Hundred Years of Book Auctions, 1807-1907" (London: Chiswick Press). This is a brief record of Hodgson's, the centenary of the firm affording an excuse for a short account of some of its more notable sales. The interest in book auctions is much more lively in 1907 than it was in 1807.

THE OCTOBER REVIEWS.

The terms of the Anglo-Russian compact were published too late to admit of their discussion in the October Reviews, but the knowledge that it had been concluded inspired Calchas to write a long article in the "Fortnightly" welcoming the agreement with open arms. Calchas seems to be of opinion that his seven-year-long advocacy has had something to do with it; Dr. E. J. Dillon in the "Contemporary" also regards it as the realisation of his prophecies and hopes expressed in season and out; and even the editor of the "National Review" reminds us that he has consistently urged the desirability of a settlement with Russia—that of course being part of his anti-German policy. However, the "National" is alive to the possibility that we may have been called upon to pay too high a price. Dr. Dillon sees in the arrangement a series of self-denying ordinances which may lead to genuine friendship and to lasting peace in Afghanistan and Persia, where without this adjustment of old scores there might be war. Calchas is convinced that it has sealed for a long interval a truce of God, and is struck by "one of the most remarkable facts in political history. The British dominion in India is now guaranteed for all practical purposes both by Russia and Japan; and this at least is a result which would have beggared the most vivid imagination of a few years ago". Radical doubts as to the propriety of any compact with Tsardom are naturally the subject of general comment. The editor of the "Albany Review" finds some difficulty in knowing where to draw the line. He is not prepared to belittle the advantages of a settlement with Russia, but he does not like the extreme secrecy with which the negotiations have been conducted—the "new diplomacy" is apparently more to his taste. He deprecates Sir Edward Grey's language about restoring Russia to her position in the councils of Europe, which shows "small sympathy with the feeling of Liberal England", and his attitude is frankly one of grave anxiety.

(Continued on page 428.)

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An article in "Blackwood's" gives some personal reminiscences of "The Reign of Terror in Ireland" during "the dark and anxious days of the Parnell agitation", the writer's object apparently being by example to warn the country of the sort of thing which may be expected if lawlessness is again allowed to get the upper hand. The attitude of Mr. Bryce and Mr. Birrell is responsible for his misgiving as to the future. The position of things is however very different now from what it was in the 'eighties. Then the Irish Parliamentary party was a solid body directed by Parnell: now the Irish forces are split into factions, and an Irish Nationalist can write in the "National Review" on the passing of the Irish Parliamentary party. He glances at its history from the memorable morning in February 1881 when the Speaker summarily stopped the discussion on the Protection of Person and Property (Ireland) Bill, which had lasted for forty-one hours on end, down to Mr. Redmond's recantation on the Irish Councils Bill. An Irish Nationalist does not think anything matters very much now in Irish politics. "What Ireland wants is a good long rest from politics. The very best thing possible would be to have half a dozen of the leading agitators nailed up in a barrel and dropped gently into the Irish Sea"—a genial suggestion from an Irish Nationalist. Mr. William O'Brien, whom an Irish Nationalist speaks of as the most pathetic figure in contemporary Irish politics, has an article in the "Contemporary" on Ireland and the Transvaal, in which he advances anew his plea for conciliation. He derives hope from the reception given to the Anglo-Russian agreement by journals which have not always been conspicuous for their friendliness towards Russia. "The conciliationists", he says, "may well possess their souls with the assurance that even the slow and ponderous thinkers who have come to speak smooth things of the France of Fashoda, of the Russia of the old Indian nightmares, and of the Boers of Mafeking memory, will a few years hence discover human nature not to be a whit more irredeemable in Ireland than in the Transvaal, or even in the palace of the Tsar."

Mr. Harold Cox succeeds in making himself ridiculous in his "Nineteenth Century" account of the impressions he derived from his visit to Switzerland under the auspices of the National Service League. He was invited with others to make a study on the spot of the Swiss militia system at work, and he proceeds at once to take a party and political view of the matter. He is incapable of dissociating the idea of universal military training from the question of a large army, and dismisses the question with a self-sufficient sweep of the pen: "We are an island power—Switzerland a small country wedged in by powerful neighbours. Because Switzerland has no seaborne commerce, no oversea possessions, no navy and no standing army, he puts this extraordinary question: "Do those members of the National Service League who ask that we should adopt the Swiss military system also propose that we should sell our fleets for old iron and abolish our regular army? If not, it is futile to appeal to Swiss experience". The futility in Mr. Cox's own case is clearly proved. His article is admirably summed up by anticipation in "Blackwood's". He and his friends were called upon in Switzerland to witness "what must have appeared a sad outrage to their enlightened selfishness. They saw the sorry sight of free citizens not asking but doing. Here was a free democracy indulging the vile spirit of militarism", and the President of the Swiss Confederation explained its effect in words which must have been "wholly unintelligible" to his guests. "Our military institutions", said he, "form one of the bases of our democracy. They are a school for the civic virtues—devotion to the fatherland and fidelity to duty." That the system is not less admirable on the military side is shown by Major G. F. Macmunn in the "National Review". "It is", he says, "a marvel" and "a living lesson in the possibilities of a properly run militia system", as well as in "the difference between patriotic service and the dreaded militarism".

The land question in Scotland is dealt with by the Duke of Argyll in the "Nineteenth Century" under the title "Fair Farms versus Fancy Crofts", and by Mr. R. Munro Ferguson in the "National Review"; both write with authority, and differ fundamentally as to the success of the Crofter Commission; in the "Fortnightly" Mr. R. A. Yerburch treats of small holdings generally, in the light of the experience of countries like France, where peasant proprietary is on the decline. Sir Thomas Barclay in the "Fortnightly" attempts an approximate estimate of the work accomplished by the second Hague Conference. These conferences, he says, "are bringing order, precision and civilised methods into matters in which only a few years ago the very idea of codification was too remote to be seriously considered." In the "Albany" Professor Redlich expresses satisfaction with the working of universal suffrage in Austria, Mr. R. C. K. Ensor records his view of the International Socialist Congress at Stuttgart, and Mr. G. R. S. Taylor says trade unions in the future will not be trade and class concerns so much as legislative instruments of national socialism. Mr. J. L. Garvin in the "National", in an article on Preference or McKinleyism as exemplified in the new Australian tariff, indicates what will happen to British trade and the Empire if some reciprocal arrangement is not entered into with the colonies. The "Albany" thinks the

Australian tariff must be a shock to fiscal reformers; as a fact it is only what they have predicted, and it is a warning of the fate in store for us unless we agree to some modification of our own fiscal system in the interests of the whole Empire. Another Imperial problem is that opened up by the anti-Asiatic outburst in the colonies. Mr. Alfred Stead in the "Fortnightly" goes particularly into the folly of racial prejudice against Japan and incidentally points out that the question of the Indians in the Transvaal and Natal and of Japanese and Indians in Canada "is tending to tear asunder the British Empire under a false and specious plea of preserving the various colonies for the British-born white man". Three other articles referring to Japan are "The Japanese 'Board School'", by Captain P. W. North, and "The Japanese House of Peers—a Model Second Chamber", by H. R. Boyle, both in the "Nineteenth Century", and "Some Features of Japanese Finance" set forth by Reijera Wakatsuki, Imperial Japanese Finance Commissioner, in the "Financial Review of Reviews". Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's article in the "Nineteenth" on the "Pure Politics Campaign in Canada" is a disquieting revelation of the extent to which American methods and ideas of morality in public affairs have spread over the border.

The literary articles this month are unusually numerous. In the "Fortnightly" Professor Churton Collins writes on Crabbe, "the poet, the impressive, the immortal poet"; Major Martin Hume shows the national significance of "Don Quixote", which not only expressed the sentiments for which the Spaniards had dumbly waited, but secured universal and permanent fame because it dealt with primal human passions, and Mr. R. S. Garnett tells 'the true history of 'Monte Cristo''. To the "Fortnightly" Mr. Laurence Binyon contributes a poem called "The Crusader". In the "Nineteenth Century" we have Bishop Welldon on "The Authenticity of Ancient Literature, Secular and Sacred", and Dorothea Gerard, who gives some idea of recent French fiction, which she says is nowadays usually either too obscure or too indecent for English readers. The "Albany" makes new books the peg for several of its articles, and the "Contemporary" opens the Literary Supplement, which is to be one of its regular features in future, with a short and very casual paper by Mr. Augustine Birrell on the critical faculty. Mr. Birrell draws either upon his commonplace book or a retentive memory for quotations bearing on the critic, assures us that the boy of fourteen was a better judge of a good book than is the man of forty, urges that sanity should for ever sit enthroned in the critic's armchair, and would reserve for the party-politician the bile and spleen mingled with wit and if possible garnished with brains which are "popular ingredients" in a review, and are "certain to give pain to somebody".

For this Week's Books see pages 430 and 432.

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